

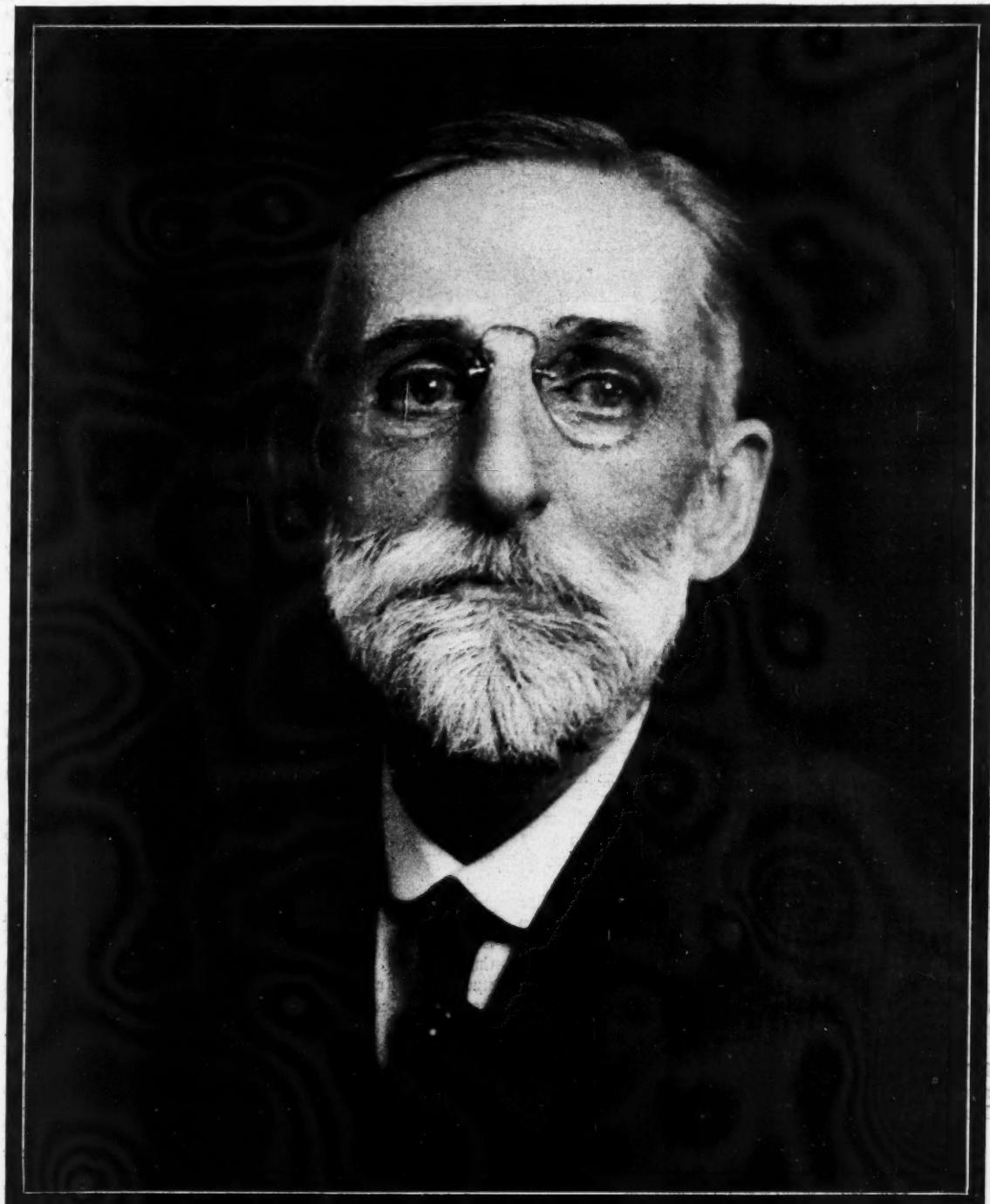
The Silent Worker

An Illustrated Monthly Magazine For, By and About the Deaf of the English-Reading World

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THE LATE DR. JOHN BURTON HOTCHKISS

A. L. PACH PHOTO.

Memorial to Dr. John Burton Hotchkiss

THROUGH five successive decades John Burton Hotchkiss, from his professor's chair, extended a gentle yet definite influence over the American Deaf. This frail, quiet man with the scholarly mind many knew and many did not, yet all were in varying measure touched by his life. He stood apart in that his was the last life that joined the early education of the Deaf in America with the schools of the present.

John Burton Hotchkiss learned in its purity the language of signs, the heritage of the Hartford School from France, as taught at the School by Laurent Clerc. This language he in turn bequeathed to generation after generation of students who flocked to Gallaudet. These signs, correct in etymology and sanctioned by tradition, the pupils of the Doctor took with them to give pleasure and profit to themselves and the deaf among whom they worked. Thus every gathering place of the Deaf in America felt Dr. Hotchkiss' teaching.

Such a life as was John Burton Hotchkiss' is its own testament of goodness and worth. Nothing can honor his memory better than his own good works. The SILENT WORKER realizes this, but feels that it is meet to present this issue as a memorial to our friend and teacher. To his memory it is reverently dedicated by some of the leading deaf writers of the United States.

KELLY STEVENS, '20

BY J. L. SMITH, '83.

Head teacher Minnesota School for the Deaf

Dr. John Burton Hotchkiss was distinctively a boys' man. He had in him a never-failing spirit of youth that endeared him to generation after generation of college students. This spirit was shown in the deep interest that he took in the activities of the college boys outside the recitation room, in athletics and other out-door pastimes especially. He did more than any other single man to stimulate and foster that college spirit that made Gallaudet invincible on many an athletic field. He introduced the game of football at Gallaudet, and was an ardent supporter of baseball and other sports. He acted as unofficial coach, mentor, and critic. His advice was sought in the make-up of teams and methods of play. After games he gave judicious and kindly criticism, pointing out faults, and showing how they might be remedied. He was a regular attendant at games, and no one rejoiced more than he when victory favored the *Buff and Blue* colors.

There was about him none of "that divinity that doth hedge a king," and the boys felt toward him more as to an older "buddy" than a dignified college professor. Yet there was no lack of respect for him, and never any undue familiarity.

He was a lover of the great out-doors, and during his earlier years he spent most of his summer vacations in outings, during which he visited most parts of this country, and made a bicycle trip through Europe. He was also a great reader, and his travels and readings made him a delightful conversationalist. It was a common thing, during hours of recreation, to see him surrounded by a group of students, discussing sports, politics, and men and measures. He had a quaint humor that made it a delight to talk with him. In all he was a genial, kindly, big-hearted man, one whom the alumni who came under his influence will remember for all time.

BY JAY COOKE HOWARD '95

Real Estate Man, Duluth, Minnesota.

It is a privilege to pay a tribute to the memory of Dr. John B. Hotchkiss. He was a man who "rejoiced at the portion given him in the universal lot and abode therein, content; just in all his ways and kindly minded toward all men."

BY B. M. SCHOWE, '18.

I am glad that it was my privilege to be his pupil.

He encouraged no familiarities, indulged in none and his kinder, gentler impulses were dissembled in an abruptness of manner that was all but deceiving.

His pupils were not long deceived, however, and their love for his humor, sincerity and fairness was not to be denied.

Picture him in my mind's eye bowed there in his stiff classroom chair, one thin knee across the other, his foot swinging nervously as he spelled out some favorite passage—and I know my loss is the loss of hundreds of Gallaudet Alumni and of hundreds more who are yet to come.

BY W. W. BEADELL '91

Editor and Publisher Arlington (N. J.) Observer

Former students of Gallaudet, whose privilege it was to come under the influence of Dr. Hotchkiss in the years of his early manhood and his prime, will join in attesting that no other instructor came so close to the student life—made himself so much a part of existence outside the recitation rooms. It has been described as his method to gain the interest of students through their instinct for sports; but those of us oldsters who not only liked football and other games with him, but actually went in under his training and have seen his small, wiry body on the field in action well know that such activities on his part and his wild enthusiasm over our early and easy victories against opponents such as Georgetown and the Naval Academy never were simulated. His was the eternal spirit of youth, and it found expression in those things that intrigue youth. The last of his generation of instructors, his memory will rest not far from first in the affections of those who knew him.

BY DR. THOMAS F. FOX '83

Head Teacher Fanswood (N. Y.) School

In this hastily written sketch I can offer my personal recollections and impressions of the late Dr. Hotchkiss as they recur to me. I knew him as a student under him at Gallaudet, and later had rather close relations with him as a member of the Gallaudet Monument Fund Committee.

First of all he was a gentleman and a scholar, learned, kind, courteous and considerate of others; when he found it necessary to disagree in his views on any subject, he held to his position and argued quietly, modestly and convincingly.

He was distinctly a representative American, not only by birth and training, but as an exponent of American System of Education and to an extent of the Combined System of educating the deaf. No country has produced a more scholarly student, nor a more able and successful instructor of young deaf men and women. His knowledge, his sagacity, his intuitions of heart were a sure guide to him, keeping him in close touch with the flower of deaf youth who came under his instruction.

He was a Gallaudet alumnus of whom we all feel proud, a shining example of the possibilities open to those who aim high and who have the courage and ability to accomplish great things. He was frankly one of us and without presumption or arrogance rejoiced in aiding the advancement of the silent mentally, morally, socially, as well as in worldly affairs.

In fine, his life's achievements are a glowing tribute to Gallaudet College, which has made it possible for deaf young men and women to attain successful results, which it would have been difficult for them to reach without the training it affords to its students.

BY REV. JOHN H. KENT

Assistant General Manager and Missionary, Dioceses of New York, Long Island and Newark

I would like very much to add my tribute to Dr. Hotchkiss, but my stay at college was very brief. I graduated suddenly at the urgent request of the faculty, before I had a chance to

form an intimate acquaintance with Dr. Hotchkiss, or sit at his feet in the recitation rooms.

The dear old man came into my room unannounced one afternoon in January, 1902, and found me nursing an old briar contrary to all the rules and regulations and statutes herein made and provided and because I was unrepentant and continued to puff away, he reported me. That and other things too numerous to mention led to my return to New York on a cold February evening, and Gallaudet was quieter by the absence of one jackanapes. I cherish no grudge. I still love my briar and by and by as I learned a little more of Dr. Hotchkiss I found it easy to love him.

BY REV. DR. JAMES H. CLOUD '86

Missionary to the Deaf, St. Louis, Mo.

With the passing of Dr. Hotchkiss no one now remains in College activities whom I knew in my student days. On my desk before me as I write is a photograph of the faculty group, made by Renald Douglas in 1885. As I gaze upon the familiar likenesses of President Gallaudet, Dr. Fay, Dr. Gordon, Dr. Chickering, Prof. Porter, Prof. Hotchkiss and Prof. Draper, the last two named were not doctors then, there comes a flood of pleasant memories of the very happy years spent at dear old Gallaudet. With the exception of Prof. Porter, who was soon to retire from active work on account of advancing years, all the members of the faculty were in the prime of life. By common consent Dr. Hotchkiss, who was of slight physique and apparently never robust, was adjudged to be the first leaf to fall from the faculty tree. Contrary to all calculations he proved to be the last,—the only member of the group to die in the harness,—in the active service of the college.

Dr. Hotchkiss was not well known personally among those who never attended Gallaudet. He was rarely seen at a convention not directly concerned with some College anniversary or graduate reunion. He was pre-eminently a College character,—modest, genial, kindly, sympathetic, companionable, fond of the out-of-doors and interested in student activities on campus, hillside, ice, awheel and in camp. He was less farther removed from the student body by that divinity which doth hedge a college professor than any of his contemporaries on the faculty. His optimistic disposition, sense of humor, and appreciation of the ludicrous enabled him to keep smiling and to radiate good will wherever he happened to be. He excelled as a conversationalist and whenever a social group was noticed in his favorite haunts he was almost certain to be the central figure. My last meeting with Dr. Hotchkiss was two years ago at the Detroit convention of the National Association of the Deaf. Added years and diminished vitality had deepened their impress upon him, but in mind and in spirit he appeared to be as youthful and active as when forty years previously I first met him at Washington.

BY HERBERT E. DAY

Professor Gallaudet College

For more than twenty years Dr. Hotchkiss and I were coworkers at Gallaudet College. Both of us taught English; we planned courses together; we served upon the same committees; we met daily in chapel and twice a month at faculty meetings.

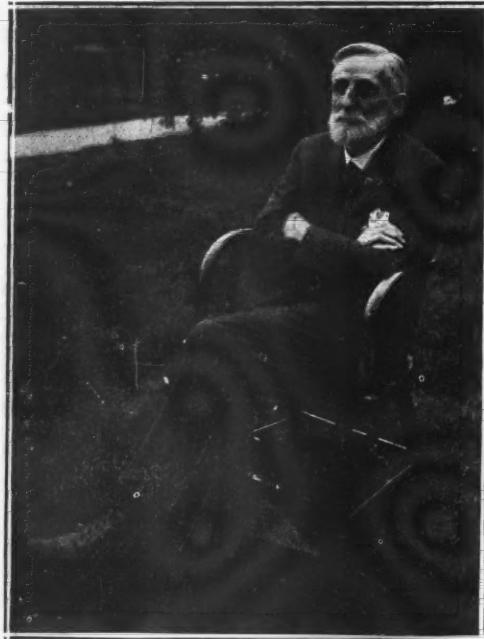
During all these years of association, the characteristics of Dr. Hotchkiss that impressed me most were his clearness of thought, his breath of sympathy, and his lucidity of expression. Dr. Hotchkiss was never hasty in making a decision. Before he gave an opinion he considered all sides of a question, but after he had made up his mind as to the right course of action, he was as firm as the Rock of Gibraltar, and was frank and fearless in expressing his belief.

One of the outstanding qualities of Dr. Hotchkiss was his understanding and patience with his pupils. He believed that a



DR. JOHN BURTON HOTCHKISS
(A familiar pose)

broad education could be obtained only by much reading, so he encouraged the members of his classes to read the best in literature. He corresponded with many of his students after



A CHARACTERISTIC POSE OF DR. HOTCHKISS

they had left college, and I believe that I speak truly when I say that no man was more respected and beloved by the Alumni than he.

Dr. Hotchkiss was one of the few masters of the sign language. In this language he was able to interpret clearly the best in literature. Those who have seen him upon the platform at Kendall Green will never forget his wonderful rendering of thoughts suggested by some Bible text.

As a friend, as a teacher, as an inspiration of what a man may accomplish, the memory of John Burton Hotchkiss will long be treasured by those fortunate enough to be his friends.

BY CHARLES R. ELY

Professor Gallaudet College

It is an honor to be permitted to pay tribute to the memory of John Burton Hotchkiss.

Respected and esteemed by all who knew him he won by his devotion the affectionate remembrance of those who had been his pupils.

As an able teacher and wise counselor, his services, as a member of the Faculty of Gallaudet College, were highly valued and in these respects, as well as others, his loss has left a gap which cannot be filled.

BY MRS. SYLVIA C. BALIS

Teacher, Belleville, Ont., Canada

I had but a slight acquaintance with the late John Hotchkiss, and that was wholly social. My late husband would have been the one to speak of his many sterling qualities, as they were old friends.

I found him a delightful guest and a most genial and entertaining host.

We spent some days together at Stony Lake in the Kawartha Islands not far from here, where there was quite a colony of Washington, D.C., people for awhile.

The profession has lost a fine educator and the deaf a good friend.

BY GUILFORD D. E. RITT

Head Teacher, Staunton, Va., School for the Deaf and Blind

Avarice is the guiding principle of some men, and service the watchword of others. The former rob the world; the latter make it better. Fifty-three years a teacher of the deaf! Such was the record of John Burton Hotchkiss. When his labors were over, there was but a small bank balance to his credit, but he had won the lasting love and gratitude of hundreds of young men and women who had sat under his teaching. His work was done and well done; and the Master told him to lie down and rest. And with conscience crooning a soothing lullaby he "drifted gently down the tides of sleep."

BY J. H. McILVAINE '93

Teacher, Mt. Airy School for the Deaf, Philadelphia, Pa.

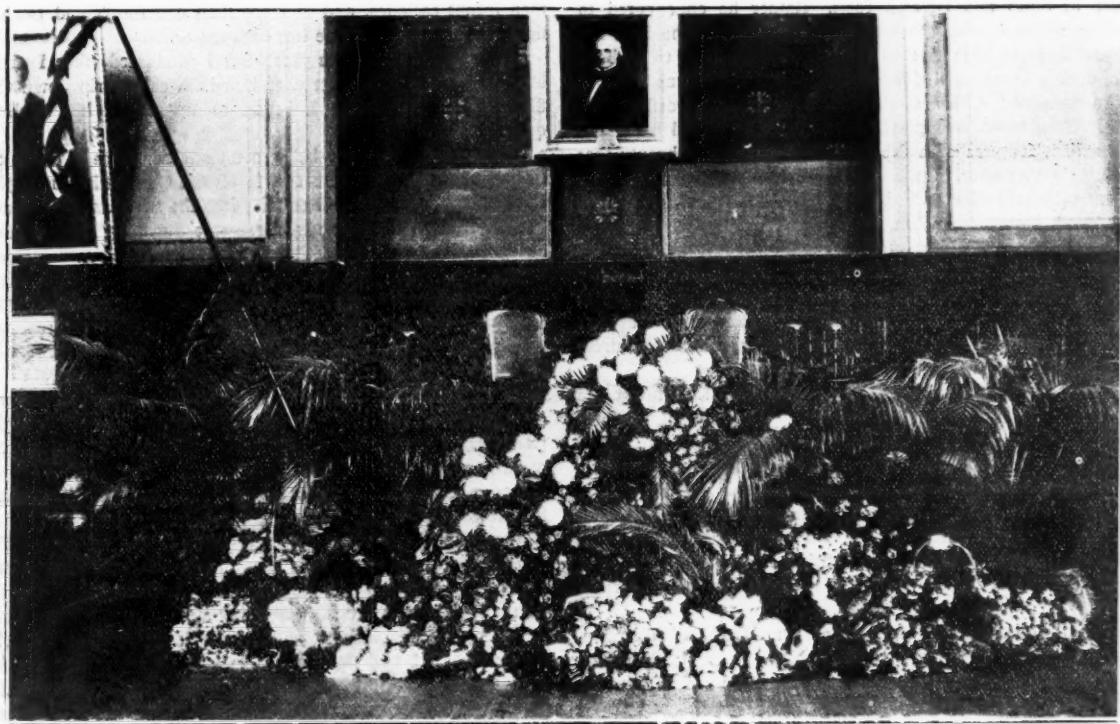
When I entered Gallaudet College, an unmoulded youth of fifteen, overstocked with ambition and understocked with preparation for a college career, it was my good fortune at the outset to come in almost daily contact, within and without the class-room, with two such sterling characters as Dr. John B. Hotchkiss and Dr. Amos G. Draper. To me, the mention of the one recalls the other. Mainly through their kindly criticism, helpful advice, encouragement, and patience with my shortcomings, I was ultimately enabled to attain to the honor of being an alumnus of Gallaudet, and directed in a course that has added immeasurably to my happiness and well-being.

Dr. Hotchkiss's scholarly attainments, versatility, and strong personality are too well known to need comment. However, let me add that he was truly a "good mixer." He was just one of the boys, without ever forfeiting their respect. A man of abounding energy, he was with them ardently in their sports, clubs, dramatics, camping expeditions, political discussions, and all other student activities. I recall that he was once both manager and coach of the football team; also stage director of the "Saturday Night Dramatic Club," and captain of the Kendall Wheel Club.

The "old boys and girls," without exception, will, I am sure, agree with me that he was a "Mark Hopkins, sitting on one end of the log" while they sat on the other. Ever will his memory be held in grateful appreciation.



DR. J. B. HOTCHKISS, M.A.
CARTOON BY JACOB COHEN, EX. '23.



FLORAL OFFERINGS AT THE FUNERAL OF DR. HOTCHKISS, IN THE COLLEGE CHAPEL.

BY ELIZABETH PEET

Professor Gallaudet College

DR. HOTCHKISS AS A SIGN-MAKER.

To those who knew Dr. Hotchkiss, all reference to his graphic use of the sign-language would be superfluous, while to those who did not know him any attempt to describe his signs, would be inadequate. However, as we all love to dwell upon the beautiful characteristics of a dear departed friend, it may not be out of place here, to recall some of the fine points of Dr. Hotchkiss' eloquent delivery.

His gestures were clear, forceful, expressive. Having an alert and logical mind, he knew exactly what he wished to say. Any one who was so fortunate as to have seen Dr. Hotchkiss deliver a lecture or a sermon, will recall with what care and clearness his topics were thought out and arranged. But in addition to his logical thinking, his signs were clear, because they were clean-cut, made with freedom, yet with dignity—never slovenly, nor cramped, nor hurried. If there happened to be no conventional sign for the particular word he had in mind, he would take the idea and build up around it, possibly even acting it out in brilliant pantomimes that never failed to convey his meaning. His gestures were forceful and graceful, because he knew just how and when to place the emphasis, and they were expressive because he had the dramatic instinct. His knowledge of the origin of various signs was remarkable. My work as teacher of the sign-language to the Normal Class at Gallaudet College brought me in close association with Dr. Hotchkiss, for it was to him that I would appeal when in doubt as to the meaning or origin of any sign. And never did he turn me away unenlightened. It was that wide knowledge of the proper distinctions between different signs for the same word, based upon their origin and consequent real meaning, that was one of the reasons for his eloquent and expressive gestures. We had many an illuminating conversation on the subject of the sign-language, and had much in common, for as he smilingly observed, "Hartford signs" and "New York signs" were practically the same, and were the source from which the language spread throughout this country.

He had no patience with slang signs; nor with those persons who deliberately make grotesque gestures for the mere amusement of others. But his helpful encouragement was unlimited if one of his students really showed a desire to learn good sign-making. Busy as he was, and he sometimes seemed to be the hardest-working member of our Faculty, he was never too busy to pause and help rehearse with a declamation for a program, or a hymn for Sunday Chapel exercises, or an essay for graduation. His influence for the uplift of the language has been marked in the College, and we who wish to keep his memory green should try to follow him in this respect. Others will speak of him as teacher, scholar, writer, friend. He was truly versatile, but let us not forget his staunch defense, both by precept and example, of the silent language that he loved so well.

BY J. N. ORMAN

Gallaudet College

In writing of our friend and teacher, Dr. John B. Hotchkiss, it is difficult to be coolly impersonal. The warm humanity of the man; his kindness and unostentation; his generous desire to lighten the burdens of others,—all this precludes any but an intimate and personal survey.

Dr. Hotchkiss possessed that open sesame to hearts which is the gift of sympathetic and understanding natures. Surely it is no exaggeration to say that Dr. Hotchkiss was the most beloved alumnus of the college. The universality of the regard in which he was held is easily testified to when we consider that almost the first inquiry an undergraduate was given when outside of college was as to the state of health and general well-being of their friend and former teacher.

We were privileged to know and study under Dr. Hotchkiss during the last years of his long service. During the sophomore year we had English Literature and Rhetoric, subjects to which Dr. Hotchkiss brought extensive knowledge and ripened experience. He believed in, and acted upon the theory that literature is not to be learned by rule of thumb, or by memorizing a

score of dates and isolated facts. Rather he endeavored to arouse in the scholar some measure of that genuine love for good things in literature which he himself felt; to embark him upon a voyage of independent discovery. He was however more concerned with *how* to read, than *what* to read. With lively imagination and power of analysis he would bring out the salient features of a description and show the beauty that lurked in metaphor, simile and the word-suggestive. In this manner he was able to arouse in his scholars a similar love for good literature. With many this love has remained, a life-long boon, and a source of pure and high enjoyment.

Dr. Hotchkiss had an advanced course in English Literature for the Juniors. The ground covered during the sophomore year was gone over with more thoroughness. Special aspects of the subject were taken up. For this purpose original sources were relied upon almost exclusively.

Towards the end of his career early English literature came to have a peculiar attraction for him. With special fondness he returned again and again to such works as the "Vision of Piers Plowman," to "Beowulf" and to the Chaucerian legends.

In view of their elemental character this is not surprising. As one grows old and approaches the summit of one's years, the temporary, the particular, the exceptional count for less and less. The broad basic facts of human life become more and more important. This, we think accounts for the venerable doctor's partiality.

The Seniors studied logic under Dr. Hotchkiss' direction. Here again the same traits were evident. In the lecture room he dwelt upon broad generalities. He would ask a question here and there and from the answers obtained, received a pretty fair surmise of the quality as well as the quantity of work the student was doing. Often students were therefrom deluded into thinking that the examinations would be proportionally easy. As a matter of fact Dr. Hotchkiss' examinations were one of the bug-bear of student life.

To the very end, both in the classroom and on the rostrum, Dr. Hotchkiss' expositions remained remarkable for their clearness and carrying power. His signs retained their old-time vigor and charm without diminish.

Likewise his mental faculties remained keen to the very end. Very seldom did he betray evidences of the forgetfulness which is often associated with senility.

Dr. Hotchkiss had charge of the Sunday School. He had succeeded Dr. Fay to the position two years ago when the latter was obliged to retire because of failing health.

During his last illness the Juniors presented him with a bouquet of roses, to indicate that their best wishes for a speedy recovery were with him. He replied with the following letter:

2 KENDALL GREEN, October 30th.

DEAR FRIENDS:

Thank you kindly for the beautiful roses you sent to lighten my sick room.

They are pleasant reminders of the many pleasant daily meetings that we have had, and, which, altho' the roses may fade, can never vanish from my mind.

Sincerely yours,

JOHN B. HOTCHKISS.

BY R. P. MACGREGOR, '72.
Retired Teacher, Ohio School for the Deaf.

A DEAD GAME SPORT

My acquaintance with Dr. J. B. Hotchkiss began when I entered Gallaudet College as a Prep., in 1867. He was then a junior. He and I were never good friends during our College careers. The animosities engendered by the Civil War were then still smouldering and sectional feelings divided the students. The students from the south and west made common cause against the detested "Yankees" from the New England States. So J. B. (as we called him) and I were on opposite sides of the fence. We opposed each other on the baseball field, in the

then infant societies, and in more than one rough and tumble fight, so there was no love lost between us.

It was not until 1873, a year after I graduated when I came into close personal contact with him in a canoe trip down the Shenandoah river, that I began to appreciate his sterling qualities.

The Shenandoah river being a mountain stream is about as tortuous as they make 'em and is almost one continuous rapid from its source to where it empties into the Potomac at Harper's Ferry, Va. We were about three weeks making the trip and every day brought some stirring adventure or narrow escape from being dashed to pieces, plunging over little falls or running chutes. Our nerves were kept constantly on the strain, for we never knew what dangers lurked ahead of us in the swift running waters in their hurry to reach the calm reaches of the Potomac above the Great Falls. Some idea of the constant strain we were under may be had when I tell you that, when it was all over and we were safely at home, for weeks scarcely a night passed but I dreamed of deadly perils in on-rushing waters and awoke suddenly covered with cold sweat.

Under such circumstances the real man can not be hidden, his worst and best characteristics are revealed.

From the very start I found J. B. to be a real sport. He never complained no matter what happened. He took every thing that came his way as a matter of course with a good natured smile or a laugh. He never shirked or tried to dodge any danger or hardship. During the latter part of the trip he was so ill I had to take him in tow once or twice, for he refused to stop and insisted on keeping afloat. He said he liked to be towed for, as he lay limp in his canoe with half closed eyes, the rhythmical dip, dip, dip of my double headed paddle, now on one side, now on the other, smoke streaming behind from my pipe, lulled him to sleep dreaming that he was being towed by a steam boat, and he awoke refreshed, ready to paddle his own canoe again. Under the most exasperating circumstances he never lost his temper, and in the most dangerous situations he never lost his head—he was always cool, collected and alert.

That was my first extended canoe trip. I have since made many others, mostly alone, but sometimes with a solitary companion, but I never met J. B.'s equal, he was a man and a brother fit to tie to—in short he was a "dead game sport" and when you can say that of a man there is nothing to add and that is the kind of man that invariably makes good under whatever circumstances he may find himself on life's battlefield, so no wonder he made good as a Professor.

We planned other canoe trips but our lines were cast so far apart that they never materialized. However, in our rare meetings in after life we were always glad to meet and recall the glorious time we had sliding down the raging Shenandoah.

Perhaps he and I shall meet again in a better world and go canoeing on calm peaceful waters—but that would not be canoeing.

BY ROBERT PATTERSON, '70.
Retired Principal Ohio School for the Deaf

With the passing of Dr. John Burton Hotchkiss, the last member of Gallaudet College's class of '69 has gone home—to God and to rejoin the small courageous band of professors and students whose privilege it was to lay successfully the foundation stones of the College under the wise and inspiring leadership of President Edward Minor Gallaudet. The other members of the class were Dr. James H. Logan who became a teacher in the Illinois School for the Deaf, later, Principal of the school at Turtle Creek, Pennsylvania, a microscopist of no mean ability, and author of the popular "Rain Drop"; Joseph H. Parkinson who, after making a fine record as a chief examiner in the U. S. patent office, became a lawyer, specializing in patents in Cincinnati, Ohio, and later in Chicago, Illinois, and was admitted to practice before the U. S. Supreme Court.

and James Cross, a strong and promising student, who was drowned while swimming in the eastern branch of the Potomac River in his Sophomore year, during President Gallaudet's absence in Europe on a tour of inspection of the schools for the deaf. To this class, I think, should go the major part of the credit for convincing the public of the desirability of the college as an asset in the education of the deaf.

True, Melville Ballard of '68, the first lone graduate, had demonstrated beyond doubt the capability of the bright congenital deaf to stand the test of a college course. He had been graduated from the Hartford school and was teaching in the Columbia Institution when he resigned in order to take the lead in the attempt to prove the proposed college worth while. But the graduation of the class of '69 was the supreme achievement that changed the general attitude of pessimism into one of optimism and approval. The orations delivered on the commencement platform were fine, being conceded to be on a level with those of hearing college graduates. The wordcraft of Dr. Hotchkiss was particularly admirable, containing gems of beauty and charm.

That was a great occasion. The young college rode the crest, as it were, and brought that precious confidence needed for its future stability and prosperity. No wonder, President Gallaudet and his friends, among whom was James A. Garfield, then a leading member of Congress, experienced heart throbs of joy and pride.

The editor's request for brevity will permit only of a jotting down of a few of the outstanding impressions of Dr. Hotchkiss.

It was in the autumn of 1865 when I met him for the first time on Kendall Green. He was a Freshman while I was in the Introductory Class. He was about twenty years of age, a little under medium height, slight but wiry of build, with keen grey eyes, dark brown hair and a prominent Roman nose. His sign-name was made by carrying the manual alphabet "H" from the chin to the breast. He had been graduated from the American School in Hartford and had been working as a typesetter in New Haven before entering the college. He also had attended the public school before he lost his hearing. It was his good fortune, however, to preserve his power of speech. On account of my total deafness, I am in no position to judge of its quality or fluency; but he never seemed to lack facility in using his voice.

What wonder that with his native intelligence, his industry, his easy command of the English language and his large stock of information and knowledge gathered up in an extensive reading of newspapers, magazines and books, he seemed to encounter no obstacles in meeting the requirements of the college course. His work in English, especially, displayed more than ordinary merit and attracted attention from the members of the faculty.

In the early days of the college, there were but few sports and games, but Dr. Hotchkiss became a devotee of such as were there. He took delight in measuring his skill at chess with Mr. Ballard, Mr. James Denison, a teacher in the Columbia Institution and afterward principal of the Kendall School, and others in playing croquet with Dr. E. A. Fay, then in the bloom of his early manhood, Mr. Ijams, a teacher in the Columbia Institution and later superintendent of the Tennessee Institution at Knoxville, and others; in handling a cue when a billiard table was made for the college by the versatile Samuel T. Greene of '70, and when a baseball club was made possible in the fall of 1866 by new entrants from the Hartford school, he participated in its activities with enthusiasm and assiduity developing skill as a pitcher. He also was an untiring hiker to the points of interest in the environs of Washington.

After his undergraduate days, Dr. Hotchkiss did not cease to be interested and active in sports and athletics. When the velocipede came into vogue, he rode on five-foot high wheel; he also took up bicycling and horseback riding; he caught the canoeing fever from Bob MacGregor, then teaching in the Maryland School at Fredrick, and became an expert under

"Mac's" tutelage. It is not within my province to touch on his interest and help in encouraging the football and baseball teams of the college in later years.

Upon his graduation from the college, Dr. Hotchkiss received two offers to teach—one from Principal Waring Wilkinson of the California Institution at Berkeley who had visited the college a short time before, and the other from President Gallaudet as instructor in the college. The latter offer naturally appealed to Dr. Hotchkiss and he accepted it. For over half a century he remained in the college's service. As I was never in any of his classes, it is not my place to speak of his work as a professor. Suffice it to say, his work and his attainments were appreciated and recognized when he was selected as one of the first five graduates of the college to receive the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters in 1906.

Like the majority of the educated deaf, Dr. Hotchkiss was an advocate of the Combined system, and an admirer of good, clear sign-making and finger-spelling. At the close of an address I made on the occasion of the dedication of Sophia Fowler Hall in 1918, Dr. Hotchkiss came up to me, and taking my hand, with his characteristic smile and a twinkle in his eye, spelled: "That was some sign language."

Genial and companionable, he was popular with the student body and respected by the faculty; he was an interesting conversationalist, with a wonderful memory for the traditions of the College, and easily shone in a battle of wits.

The loss of such a man and a professor to the college is not hard to understand.

BY THOS. S. MCALONEY

Superintendent, Colorado School for the Deaf, Colorado Springs

Thirty years ago last fall I met Dr. Hotchkiss for the first time, and during my year at Gallaudet College I learned to know him well. He was a modest, retiring, cultured gentleman with a love for his work and with an abiding sympathetic interest in the young men and women who came under his instruction. He had the spirit of the true teacher, the faculty of being able to impart knowledge and at the same time to inspire the student. He was a thorough master of the sign language and it was a great pleasure to watch the artistic grace and clearness of expression with which he translated the most difficult English into signs. In his death the deaf have lost a true friend and the profession one of its ablest members.

JOHN BURTON HOTCHKISS

In the fullness of the autumn,

When the year attains to rest,

And its varicolored pean

Softens in a strain depressed—

In a lull where joy and sadness blend,

Came the summons gently to our friend.

Hall and campus—how they loved him

From the dim, heroic past!—

Shared with him their trials and triumphs,

Held him fondly till the last.

Beautiful his passing at the scene

Of his golden labors—that fair Green!

Widely scattered sons and daughters,

All were focused in his ken;

Twice endeared, their Alma Mater

Through his kindly, subtle pen.

Nobly it bespoke a life to con,

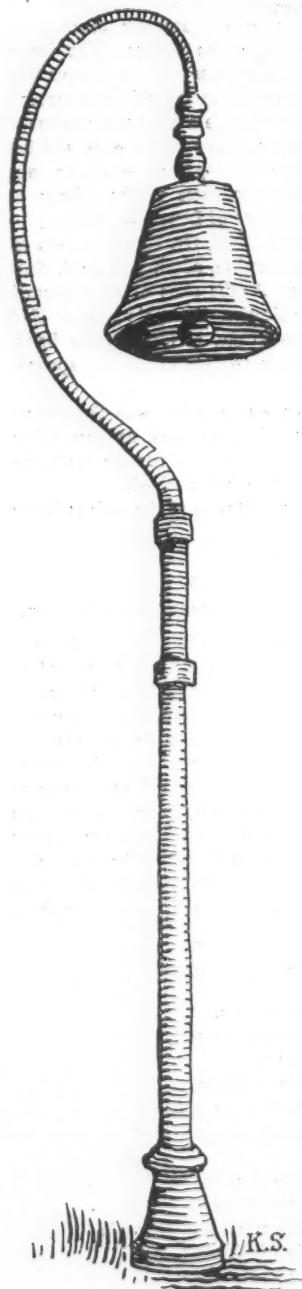
Thoughts inspired by which will linger on.

J. H. McFARLANE.

Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man.—Bacon.

A Little Journey to San Diego

By AUGUSTA K. BARRETT



The King's Highway

[El Camino Real.]

By John Steven McGroarty

[El Camino Real, the Royal Road, or the King's Highway, was the road connecting the twenty-one missions, each a day's journey apart, in the early days of California. It extended over seven hundred miles from San Diego to Sonoma north of San Francisco. Through the efforts of the Women's Clubs of California and the El Camino Real Association, this old road was searched out, and the magnificent motor roads of today, the state and county highways, were built along most of the original route. Each mile of the way is marked by the Mission bell and standard designed by a California author and enthusiast, Mrs. A. S. C. Forbes of South Pasadena.]—*California Life*.

All in the golden weather forth let us ride today,
You and I together on the King's Highway,
The blue skies above us, and below the shining sea;
There's many a road to travel, but it's this road for me.

It's a long road and sunny, and the fairest in the world—
There are peaks that rise above it in their snowy mantles curled,
And it leads from the mountains through a hedge of chaparral,
Down to the waters where the sea gulls call.

It's a long road and sunny; it's a long road and old,
And the brown padres made it for the flocks of the fold;
They made it for the sandals of the sinner-folk that trod;
From the fields in the open to the shelter-house of God.

They made it for the sandals of the sinner-folk of old;
Now the flocks are scattered and death keeps the fold;
But you and I together we will take the road today,
With the breath in our nostrils, on the King's Highway.

We will take the road together through the morning's golden glow,
And we'll dream of those who trod it in the mellowed long ago;
We will stop at the Missions where the sleeping padres lay,
And we'll bend a knee above them for their soul's sake to pray.

We'll ride through the valleys where the blossom's on the tree,
Through the orchards and the meadows with the bird and the bee,
And we'll take the rising hills where the manzanitas grow,
Past the gray tails of waterfalls where blue violets blow.

Old Conquistadores, O brown priests, and all
Give us your ghosts for company when night begins to fall;
There's many a road to travel, but it's this road today,
With the breath of God above us on the King's Highway.

THE STUDY of the early history of California, especially the rise and fall of the Missions, is a very fascinating one; and we marvel at the patience and determination of the Franciscan Fathers in laboring to advance the dull and indolent Indians and the wonderful success which crowned their efforts.

I had made several visits to San Diego where the first permanent settlement was made within the present boundaries of California. During these visits kind relatives had taken me to

see all the points of interest in the vicinity. I have stood in the shadow of the light-house on Point Loma, lived a week at Tent City on Coronado Island, climbed down the cliffs and looked down into the caves at La Jolla, wandered in the beautiful parks, and yet something remained unattained—to actually go over El Camino Real—the Royal Road—the King's Highway.

There were five of us, including the blessed baby, who started one August afternoon from the corner of Second and Spring Streets, Los Angeles. Floyd Bulmer intended to wish us "Bon Voyage," but he did not appear, so we said "Auf Wiedersehen"



Mission of San Juan Capistrano, founded 1776, Midway between Los Angeles and San Diego. The architectural gem of all the missions.

to the corner and started. We learned later that Mr. Bulmer had looked for us and could not find the Handley's big Buick among the cars parked at the busy corner.

The passengers in the car were Mr. and Mrs. Russell P. Handley, little Arthur, and Mr. and Mrs. John W. Barrett. Mr. Handley steered the car through the roaring traffic, and we could breathe easier when we reached Whittier Boulevard, the southern artery out of the city. The first town we passed through was Santa Fe Springs. Since oil was found there everyone there seems to have the oil fever, and everywhere we could see the big oil wells. Some of the huge new towers over oil wells were built in orange groves near the road. Curious contrast—the same land producing oil and oranges! These wells produced \$40,000,000 worth of oil last year. Various companies are located there and this is a bit from one of their advertisements:-

Where dollars are not counted, but measured—where oil gushes forth in a never-ending stream—where well after well sends \$100,000 \$200,000 \$300,000 worth of oil into the storage tanks every month—where a thousand fortunes have been made and a King's ransom paid for a mere drilling site! Santa Fe Springs—marvel high-gravity oil field of California.

Now we are out on El Camino Real—this is the Spanish name for the road that joined the twenty-one missions in the early days. This historic road is now marked by mission bell guide posts, in a unique and appropriate way. An iron bell surmounts a slender iron post on which is a sign giving distances and directions. The road began at Mission San Diego and following north touched at each of the missions, the last one being at Sonoma, in Northern California.

The road takes us past many groves of English walnuts and acres of sugar beets and now into Orange County, with its wealthily producing orange and lemon groves. We drove through the pretty towns of Anaheim and Orange and along here somewhere the baby got sleepy, as he was missing his nap. An improvised bed of robes and blankets was made for him, and here he took a long nap, being used to auto trips with his parents.

El Camino Real now brought us almost to the gates of the mission of San Juan Capistrano, which is fifty-six miles from Los Angeles, almost midway between Los Angeles and San Diego. Near it is the little town of the same name. Across the road from the mission are a number of modern buildings, those necessary adjuncts of the modern traveller such as garages, hotels, cafes, auto repair shops and drug stores. I have said "adjuncts of the modern traveller" because it was the ancient custom of the Franciscan padres to travel afoot on their journeys. I recently saw a picture, "Franciscans on the Way," showing two brown-robed padres on the road, each carrying a staff in one hand and his baggage tied in a kerchief in the other. Under it is this verse from St. Matthew x 9-10.

And he commanded them that they should take nothing for the way, but a staff only; no scrip, no bread, nor money in their purse, but be shod with sandals, and that they should not put on two coats.

The grounds of the mission are surrounded by a high board fence. At the corner near the road is a little office where books and pictures are sold. From this there is an entrance to the sacred garden. Our stay here was all too brief—I wanted to visit the mission, but we had planned to reach San Diego before dark, and the men promised there would be time for a visit to the mission on the return trip.

The mission is in the Orange county and before we were out of this county we were crossing a part of the great Rancho Santa Margarita, one of the largest of the Spanish grants of land in the state. The above is what the Spanish folk call it; others call it the O'Neill Ranch. It is one of the surviving big ranches, many of which have been divided into intensive small ranches. While it is situated in a rich orchard region, it is given over almost exclusively to the raising of cattle the same as in the early days. The ranch is some thirty to forty miles long by ten to fifteen wide. If it were possible it certainly would be interesting to visit the main ranch house and headquarters which are located some miles back from the San Diego highway.

On account of having to make a detour where the road was being repaired it was dark when we reached San Diego.

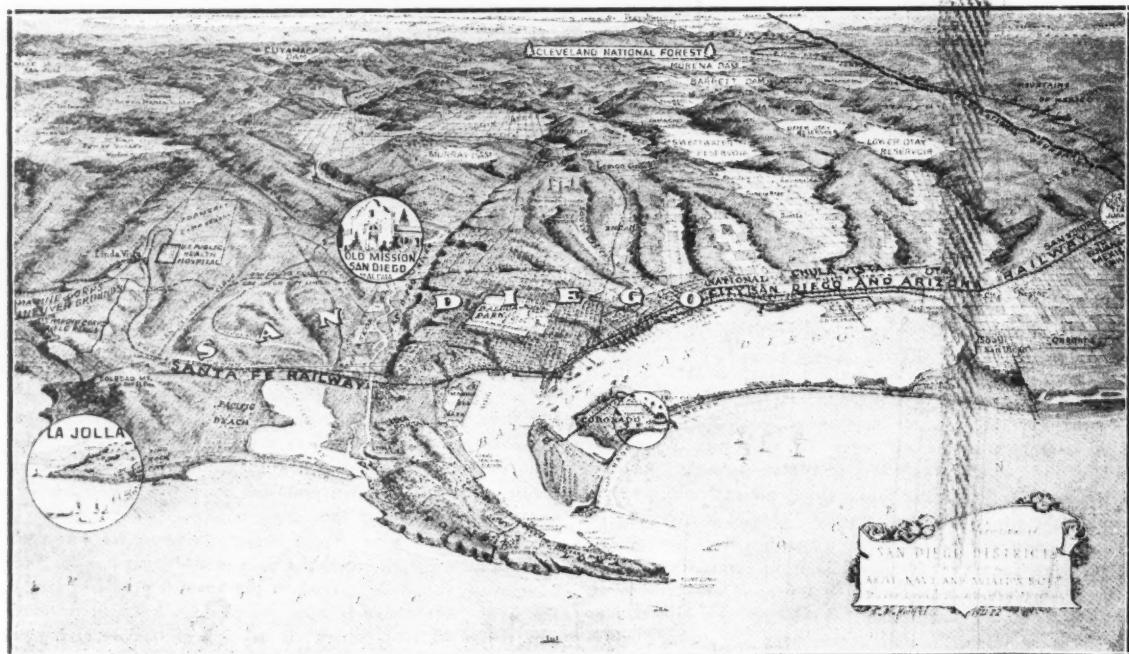
Fortunately Mr. Handley knew the road as he had been there before. After dinner we went to El Sordo Club, in the Knights of Pythias hall. The twenty-seven members of the club were there to give us a warm welcome. San Diego has never had a large deaf population and this is the first club for the deaf founded there. One reason for this is that it has been difficult for the deaf to get employment there.

In conversation with Mr. A. Hesley, the President of the Club, I found out that he was a friend of Mr. George S. Porter, our esteemed publisher. If the radio were of any use to the deaf we might have tried broadcasting a message from the most southern city of California to Mr. Porter, on the shore of the other ocean, on the opposite side of this great continent!

We were invited to a picnic of the club, for the next day, but because of other engagements could not accept it. The club is doing well, and its monthly meetings and other social affairs are a source of much pleasure to the members.

I have now arrived at the hard part of my story, that of trying in a few words to do justice to beautiful San Diego. Charles Dudley Warner pronounced this one of the three beauty spots of the world. San Diego is the birth-place of California, as it was here that Fra Junipero Serra built the first mission in 1769, of which all that is left is a facade and crumbling walls in charge of an aged caretaker.

I have read various accounts of the founding of the first mission but they all agree on the main points. In the year 1769 an expedition was sent up from old Mexico to California by order of the King of Spain. Don Gaspar de Portola was in command. He came by sea, but two parties came overland. One of these parties consisted of Father Serra, the heroic Franciscan, and ten soldiers, and this little band founded the first mission thus bringing civilization to the western shores of America. I am tempted to dilate on the history of the missions.



OCEAN, BAY AND MOUNTAINS FORM IDEAL SETTING FOR SAN DIEGO.

but knowing that whole books have been written about them, I shall be content with telling about the great cross on Presidio Hill, San Diego, which was erected in memory of the great and inspired leader, Fray Junipero Serra.

The traveller on El Camino Real, going in or coming out of San Diego sees this great cross on the hill where the first crude chapel was located. It is made of steel, concrete and tile from the old buildings. San Diego had been visited by other discoverers but no settlement had been attempted there. Let us read the interesting inscription on the cross:

"IN THIS ANCIENT INDIAN VILLAGE OF COSOY,
DISCOVERED AND NAMED SAN MIGUEL BY CABRILLO
IN 1542
VISITED AND CHRISTENED SAN DIEGO DE ALCALA
BY VISCAINO IN 1602,
HERE THE FIRST CITIZEN, FRAY JUNIPERO SERRA
PLANTED CIVILIZATION IN CALIFORNIA
HERE HE FIRST RAISED THE CROSS,
HERE BEGAN THE FIRST MISSION,
HERE FOUNDED THE FIRST TOWN SAN DIEGO,
JULY 16, 1769.
BY THE ORDER OF PANAMA 1915.

This part of San Diego is called "Old Town, and was also the site of the first fort and settlement. It was on this spot that John C. Fremont first raised the American flag in Southern California. Near here is the old Spanish hacienda of the Estudillo family, which has been immortalized by Helen Hunt Jackson as the marriage place of Ramona. Here everything has been carefully preserved as it was in the early days, and with its gardens, ancient ovens, wishing well and curios and relics is a quaint and interesting place.

Old Town is close to the modern city, which has a population of about one hundred and twenty-five thousand now and is fast growing. Of the city's many natural advantages, I will mention first the great land-locked harbor, which has an area of twenty-two square miles, and is free from storms, currents and reefs, with deep water sufficient to admit the largest vessels afloat. Coronado peninsula lies between the bay and the ocean, and the trip by boat from San Diego takes only six

minutes. Here too, is the great Coronado Hotel and the famous Tent City which in the summer time has five thousand inhabitants. On North Island are the aviation fields of the Army and Navy. The harbor's outer wall is the magnificent promontory of Point Loma, from which there is a wonderful view of ocean, city, and the distant mountains. Fort Rosecrans and the U.S. Wireless stations are on Point Loma, also the headquarters and spacious grounds of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical society. Standing on Point Loma, Kipling's lines occurred to me:

*Far called our navies melt away,
On dune and headland sinks the fire,
Lo! all our pomp of yesterday,
Is one with Ninevah and Tyre.*

A loyal San Diegan furnished me with the following information: "San Diego is the first port of call from the Panama Canal and we have more naval vessels here than any port on the Pacific. At the present time there are over two hundred craft of all description here, mostly destroyers and cruisers. It is one of the principal naval bases of the Pacific Coast and is known as the Eleventh Naval Base and includes your City of the Angels, Los Angeles harbor gets all her naval orders from San Diego, as the Admiral is here."

Now I really will have to have recourse to the descriptive folders given me by a kind San Diegan, or I will offend my friends down there by omitting mention of some of the varied activities of the city. The folder tells us that:

"Perhaps no better evidence can be offered of San Diego's many and unusual advantages of location, climate, bay, harbor and general surroundings than is shown in the preferences extended by the Federal Government.

Briefly stated they are as follows:

Naval Base.

Home port and operating base for 140 vessels of the Pacific fleet.

U.S. Naval Air Station.

U.S. Army Aviation School

U.S. Army Aviation School

U.S. Naval High Power Radio Station.

U.S. Naval High Power Radio Stations

U.S. Army Cantonment.
 U.S. Marine Corps Base.
 Fort Rosecrans—Coast Artillery Post.
 U.S. Naval Training Station.
 U.S. Naval Landing and Supply Depot.
 U.S. Naval Coaling Station.
 U.S. Fuel Oil Station.
 U.S. Quarantine Station.

The most important of the parks is Balboa Park, containing 1,400 acres. It was here that the Panama-California Exposition, "the Gem of all Expositions," was held. More than fourteen permanent buildings remain on this beautiful spot. The shrubs, palms, tropical and semi-tropical plants, started prior to the Exposition, now constitute one of the most beautiful and extensive horticultural displays to be found in the world.

The Stadium, which adjoins the extensive High School grounds, is part of Balboa Park. Here are held the pageants, Mission Plays, athletic events and parades which are some of the attractions of this city.

Here is also the great open-air pipe organ, given and maintained by two citizens. Every day in the year a recital is given, among birds and flowers, with free seats for all who come to listen. A Children's play-ground, a golf course, broad lawns, deep ravines and canyons, and a hundred views of bay and ocean are here.

Old Mexico, with its quaint customs and interesting sights, is but sixteen miles distant by road or rail. The little Mexican village of Tijuana ("Aunt Jane"), as typical of its country as though it were a hundred miles in the interior, greets visitors with its citadel, Garrison, curio shops, and a variety of amusements.

La Jolla (La Ho-ya), "the jewel" with its clustered cottages about a sheltered beach among the cliffs and ocean caves, and Del Mar, near the famous Torrey Pines with its Stratford Inn and bathing pavilion and its beautiful and prosperous summer homes, are types of seaside villages where weeks and months are spent in congenial recreation.

The most attractive place in the world can be scarcely enjoyed unless the climate is good—and the governmental statistics and explicit official statements concede to San Diego, the most equable and delightful climate in America.



AT SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA
 Left to right—Mr. Barrett, Mrs. Barrett, Mrs. Handley, Mr. Handley. In front—Arthur Philip Handley.

"San Diego has more good hotels and apartment houses than any city of its size in the West, built to care for the vast crowds which attended the San Diego Exposition. Here can be found everything, from the modest-priced to the most palatial, with modern accommodations and rates to suit every desire.

"California's nationally famous highway system, supplemented by hundreds of miles of superbly engineered county boulevards, leading through upland valleys and mountain passes, makes San Diego a motorist's paradise. Three hours from the city, at an elevation of 6,000 feet, one may overlook the great Imperial Valley, the Salton Sea, the mountains of Old Mexico, the San Bernardino mountains to the north and the Pacific ocean to the west. The view reaches clear across the state of California. The Imperial Valley is, of itself, a popular excursion with its abundance of crops every month in the year, flourishing under irrigation in the midst of bleak desert."

Of course, in a short article like this a great deal must be left unsaid, still enough had been said to give the patient reader a general idea of San Diego—the Sunshine City.

We are homeward bound again, and approaching San Juan Capistrano late on a Sunday afternoon. To my delight, there was time for a visit to the mission, which is said to be the architectural gem of all the missions.

On entering the garden one of the first things to arrest the attention is the statue of Fray Junipero Serra and an Indian lad, which was dedicated November 24, 1914, the 201st anniversary of his birth. Near the statue is a sun dial on which the original Latin inscriptions are still plainly to be discerned. Crossing the garden to the front corridor, we found a guide, and registered in a big register. The guide then led us into the museum where are preserved many specimens of the handiwork of the Indians. From this we went into another large room, in which there was a great fire-place, antique furniture and cooking utensils. This probably had been one of the living rooms of the two good padres in charge, for there were never more than two at a time stationed at the Mission.

We were not allowed to linger here long as some other tourists were ready to leave. Locking the door the guide took us into the chapel. This is not the original church of which the ruins may be seen at the extreme right in the picture. This mission was founded on November 1, 1776. Various buildings were used for divine service until the completion of the big stone church in 1806, and after its destruction by an earthquake in 1812. The mission bells escaped destruction and now hang in a bell-wall between the present chapel and the ruins of the first church.

Most of the objects in the present chapel were used in the great church before it fell. In the earthquake only the nave was shaken down thus leaving the transept and sanctuary intact, so that the statues, pictures, candlesticks and other objects there were uninjured and have been preserved. This seems little short of miracle.

An all too short survey of the ruined portion and we again cross the garden, which has witnessed many a fiesta of the Indians and other dwellers in the vicinity. A few more steps and we gain the road, and the contrast with the stirring modern life is almost painful. We are again on the "ribbon of a road" with its guiding bells—

*"They are the voice of the Past,
 Of an age that is fading fast
 Of a power austere and grand
 When the flag of Spain unfurled.
 Its fold o'er the Western world,
 And the priest was lord of the land."*

The greatest and sublimest power is often simple patience.—
 Horace Bushnell.
 The door steps to the temple of wisdom is the knowledge of
 your own ignorance.—Spurgen.

Out Where The West Begins

By ALEXANDER L. PACH



VER four thousand miles; speaking to twelve Divisions of the N. F. S. D. and addressing the students of three schools for the Deaf; spending seven nights in Pullman sleepers, and six nights in the choicest rooms of the "Gibson" (Cincinnati), "Wisconsin" (Milwaukee), "Sherman" (Chicago), "Statler" (Detroit), "Hollenden" (Cleveland) and one night on the lake steamship "Eastern States" from Detroit to Cleveland, in the course of two weeks isn't the prodigious stunt it seems when one starts on it, but with all the luxury of the Pullman car and the "limited" train, and the hominess of an \$8.00 or \$6.00 or \$5.00 a day room at the choicest of modern hotels, being literally on the go from breakfast to bed-time, and a rather late bed-time at that, certainly does bring about a tired feeling as I know to my cost.

It all came about through an invitation from Grand Secretary Gibson of the N. F. S. D. as Chairman of Chicago Div. No. 1's banquet committee, to be the guest of the Division at its 21st anniversary dinner on Nov. 15th, and while Chicago Division rosters six Grand Officers of the Fraternity on its rolls, they usually invite one outsider as "guest of honor," and this time I was tagged and told I was "it." Dinner invitations I always accept with alacrity. After I became deaf and acquired a year's schooling at Fanwood where I went to learn lipreading, which I was inoculated with daily, but which failed to "take" so that you could notice it, a friend down home (Red Bank, N. J., if you please) asked my great and good father, if I had learned to read the lips and father told him "yes, Alex. always recognizes 'Dinner is ready', but falls down on everything else." More than forty years have passed and he could, were he still with us, truthfully make the same reply today. I might quali-

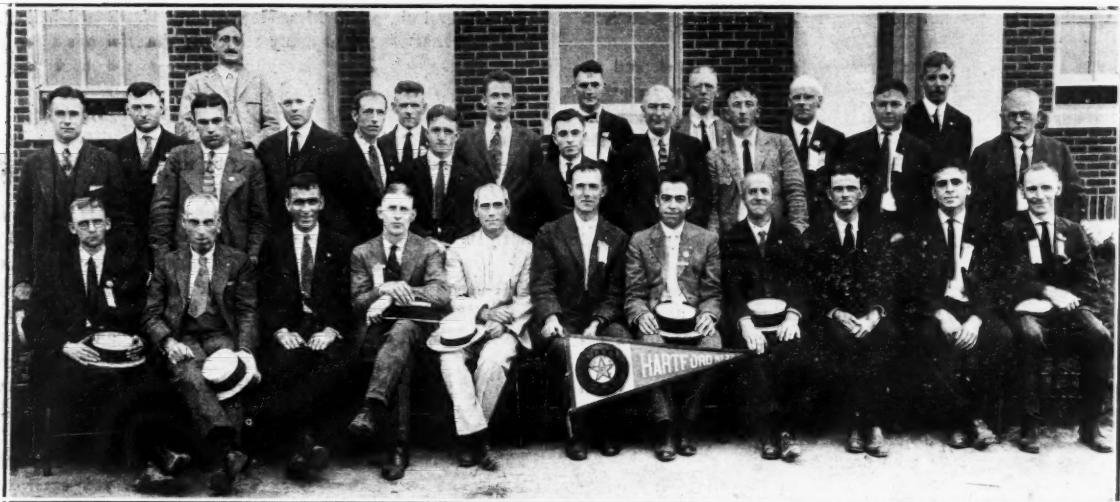
fy that, in a sense, because I never grow enthusiastic over dinner if it is a chicken dinner, but anything else goes with me. I only mention this now, (I have never mentioned it before) and I hope never to mention it again, but one of the things that qualify my admission to the freak class is a childhood nourished and ever since maintained disinclination for the chicken species as food, tho I have enjoyed a chicken sandwich in my time, but with reservations. I have never ordered a portion of chicken at a hotel or restaurant in my life, and when acting as steward or commissary at home followed the same course. As a boy, my good mother, who will read these lines, helped on with my chicken prejudices by invariably providing something else on the menu when the rest of the family were enjoying the, to me, hateful Plymouth Rock, or Leghorn, or what which, that came from our own barn-yard.

It has always been a source of banter between my friend Hodgson of the *Journal* and myself when we sit down to a restaurant table, for, after we give our order to the waiter, and neither certain as to what the other ordered; there are offers from him at 100 to 1 that I ordered sea-food or beef, and from me, with 500 to 1 odds that he ordered chicken.

Now the main dish in the Chicago banquet menu at the Auditorium Hotel was chicken, and I would not mention this chicken thing at all, but I had a glorious chicken dinner with Principal and Mrs. Manning of the Western Penna. School; I lived a whole day at the Kansas School; and two out of the three meals had chicken for the *piece de resistance* and at Akron, Ohio, on the last day but one of my pilgrimage I had a noon dinner with the Durians, and an evening dinner with the Kreigh B. Ayers, and every meal spelled chicken! Only once, at Mr. Gibson's home in Evanston, Ill., did I dine without



MR. PACH AS THE GUEST OF HONOR AT CHICAGO DIVISION'S BANQUET



HARTFORD DIVISION NO. 37, NATIONAL FRATERNAL SOCIETY OF THE DEAF

A. L. PACH PHOTO.

chicken accompaniment, and I begin to suspect somebody tipped Mrs. Gibson off.

After accepting the Chicago invitation as an after thought, the Grand Secretary suggested since I was riding all the way there, why wouldn't it be a good idea to stop off and visit some of the Divisions enroute. Good idea I thought, so he told several secretaries and before he knew it there were twelve on the list, and rich in experience as a traveler and router, he booked me over a route as if I was doing a lyceum stunt, and when I was ready to start found every detail fixed, and all Pullman reservations made from City to City, and a Committee to meet me at each stop, care for me with an auto, nearly always a Frat-owned car, as well as a Frat-driven car. Added was the fact that the committee of welcome at each city were brothers I had met before, with the single exception of one stop (Toledo) and there the three brothers were having a mock debate on the station platform, and for my benefit. Needless to state I didn't miss them.

I bid good-bye to the Great White Way of Manhattan on a Monday evening and was fast asleep when the Iron City Express of the P. R. R. pulled out of the 33rd St. Terminal. It must give Bro Reider and his fellow Philadelphians cold chills to read the schedule this train is booked for. It goes through the Quaker City but does no business there, and all of the several Philadelphias with compassional designations are serenely ignored by blanks on the time-table. The Iron City Express enables rich Pittsburghers to do New York, see a show, and rush home for a full day's work on the morrow. The I. C. Ex. only takes passengers for Harrisburg, Altoona and Pittsburgh, tho it has a twin sister following that runs on the same fast schedule, but you may, if you wish, leave it at Johnstown, or Greensburg, or any of the cluster of Pittsburgh's suburbs. I selected this train myself, and because I wanted to see the famous Horseshoe Curve by daylight, and I had my wish, for I had it with my breakfast in the "diner" that we had picked up at Altoona. Bright and early at Pittsburgh to run into the arms of Bros. Leitner and Rogalky, and right into a taxi to do the city, after 25 years' absence, then out to Edgewood to do the school, reaching there in season to address the students in chapel and then before and after dinner (served in Mr. Manning's beautiful quarters) an inspection of the school and shops—the latter under the guidance of old time friends and workers in my Pennsylvania days with the P. S. A. D. The school can be rated A A I, with a twentieth century Principal and staff and a nineteenth century equipment. As an example, the cylinder press in the printing office is so old and

worn out the serial number of the machine is worn off and it is a hard job to duplicate parts when they are needed. All shop equipment is obsolete, yet despite that they turn out good printers, good shoe-makers and good wood-workers. In the classrooms splendid work was exemplified, and I had to leave all too soon, as a car was waiting to take us thru Schenley Park, Carnegie Tech, Fort Pitt and Duquense Heights by incline car. Back over the tunnel route to the Seventh Ave. Hotel where a special dinner was served to the officers of Pittsburgh Division and the guest, and then to their hall in time for the address, which by the way wasn't a lecture, as has been many times announced. I talk at "lectures"—I couldn't deliver one if my life depended on it. It wasn't a spread of "Frat" gospel. I had prepared an address, but I never once took it out of my pocket. I just told some things I knew, and some things I thought about right and wrong ways of educating the deaf, and illustrated it by referring to living and dead deaf people. More than half my talk was a boost for the N. A. D. and its objects. A good share was for Gallaudet College and what it has done and is doing for the deaf and the rest was simple facts about the N. F. S. D., and a funny or near funny story inserted here and there. After the meeting to shake hands with many old friends, and then at midnight to the Union Station to catch the 2:10 A. M., Cincinnati Limited with a delegation to see me off, but I made them all go to their homes at midnight, tho they protested they could wait. At all other night travel points, sleepers are placed in stations open at 10 P. M., and picked up when the through train comes, but no such arrangement holds for this train.

The young woman in charge of "Information" at this station is all kinds of plum pudding for the deaf traveler as she has a deaf sister and knows how to spell and sign. She was sorry no reservation could be made for a berth on this train but said I'd be sure of a berth. It is ever so much longer a wait from 12 midnight till 2 A. M., than it is from 12 noon to two P. M., tho this doesn't listen true, try it.

The girl was right, there was a vacant lower, and I soon was using it for the purpose Mr. Pullman planned it for, and awakened in time to enjoy a session in the diner, finishing just as we drew into "Cinci" and I stepped right into Lou Bacheberle's arms as it were. "Bachy" is the uncrowned Duke of Ohio Fratdom, and the Miracle Man when it comes to raising funds for the Ohio Home. He has been a hopeless bachelor till now and he hits 50 in the age batting record, but the hopelessness as for bachelorhood is a thing of the past for he is

going—there I must not tell secrets, but I will say she is a mighty fine girl!

So to the "Gibson" Cinci's newest and bestest hotel, and up to the room reserved for me—the best in the house, and then out to see the town—my first view of the city. Spent the morning that way and at noon we were joined at dinner at the Gibson by Bro. Joe Goldman, a florist on a large scale at Middletown, Ohio, and he commutes daily between the two cities. The Gibson's main dining room is the lunch resort for all the bank presidents, capitalists, etc., and a number stopped to say nice "hellos" to Goldman. Like Bacheberle he is a Frat booster and a "Home" enthusiast. Bachy remarks to Goldman that something is wrong with the heating plant at the Ohio home, and it will cost \$250.00 to repair, and does Joe know where the money is to come from? Joe knows. Just like that he says off hand, "I'll send you a check for the amount when I get home!" Does any one need to sit up nights worrying about tobacco scented spiritual leaders when we have men, who supplement prayer with deeds?

Then to see more of Cinci. Call on Dr. Clancey, popular deaf dentist in a heart of the city sky-scraper. The heart of the city is called the Basin. There are seven hills, like Rome, all given over to residences and parks. Dr. Clancey has a big practice, which I judge he doesn't need. A Northampton graduate who used to scan the deaf world with pure oral eyes. Coming around fine now; joined Cinci. Div. N. F. S. D. last month. By car, up incline to Mt. Adams, Eden Park and Bro. Bacheberle points out the birthplace of the N. A. D., back in 1880. I hope I may be forgiven for not attending that meeting, as I have a good alibi—I wasn't deaf. I felt a good deal like Mark Twain at the Tomb of Mr. Adam. Around the parks and back to the Basin, and over to the Kentucky side of the river to do the quaint old towns, Covington and Newport—both of them seemingly fast asleep, at least by comparison with life on the Ohio side of the river.

Back to the Gibson for the evening meal and then to the Y. M. C. A. for the evening's meeting. A good hug from Billy

Hoy and hand clasp wth Mrs. Hoy, neither of whom I had met since their marriage, and many other old time friends there as well. Spoke my little piece and was escorted back to the Gibson. This hotel, by the way, was named after the famous secretary of the N. F. S. D.—about forty-eight years after.

A night in a bed not being hauled by a locomotive was most enjoyable and at nine next morning by the Chicago Limited on the Big Four R. R. off for a three hour ride to Indianapolis, where I stepped right into the welcoming embrace of Harry C. Anderson, Grand President of the N. F. S. D., and Bob Binkley, and Bob Binkley's car. To lunch where the Indian banker-chiefs of Indianapolis fill up at lunch time. When we were all through the meal, the Grand Pres. asked, would I have anything else, and I came back with, yes, "another cup of coffee," at which our attentive waitress picked up and walked off with my coffee cup. When she returned I asked how she knew what I had said, and she told us she used to be out at the School for the Deaf as an attendant!

Then to the Farmers Trust Co., where the Grand President is an honest to-goodness bank official. When you enter the rotunda of the bank, all the official desks are in proximity to each other. The clerks are behind the further partition, but the president, vice-president and cashier are bunched with "Andy"—a pet name his intimates have for the Grand President. It warms the cockles of one's heart to see a deaf man occupying a position of great importance like that, but it makes the warmth the greater to see his usefulness attested to in such a manner.

After a little visit to the Mutual Life Building to pay respects to my old friend Richard Otto Johnson, but not finding him in, we board Bro. Binkley's car to see Indianapolis and the Binkley Shoe Shop. There are miles of boulevards; 58th St. was the last I recall seeing, because I was busy watching the speedometer which indicated 40-45 to my great satisfaction, and the next thing I knew we were entering the grounds of the Indiana State School for the Deaf with Bro. Norris on watch for the visitor. Supt. Pitteger had his Board of Directors on



MANHATTAN DIVISION NO. 87, NATIONAL FRATERNAL SOCIETY OF THE DEAF

A. L. PACH PHOTO



C. C. McMann Photo.
BROOKLYN DIVISION NO. 23, NATIONAL FRATERNAL SOCIETY OF THE DEAF.

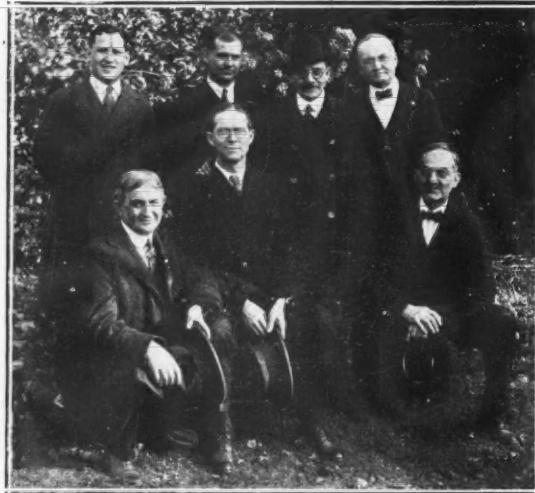
his hands, so I didn't meet him. We did several class-rooms and I met Miss Kinsley and Miss Heizer, long time friends, with their pupils. Then I saw Miss Bell do the "jazziest" oral teaching I ever witnessed, with pupils joyfully doing stunts that was a part of highly specialized speech training and lip reading work, and from there into Miss Fowler's manual class where the same oh-be-joyful comrade-rie was being carried out. The young ladies are chums in fact, and use the same methods to reach the same ends. I never saw so much to enjoy in a class room, and never saw anything that looked so little like cut and dried routine. If the two teachers will demonstrate at Belle-ville next summer, it will make the hit of the Canadian Convention.

So then with Bro. and Mrs. Norris over the School buildings and grounds, and into the domain of my good old friend Travis, who teaches printing and gets out the *Hoosier*, with whom I have joshed and by whom I have been joshed in our respective papers.

From there into the shoe and harness instruction department under the good care of Bro. Harris—A. Gallaudet man I think—at least he talks like one. Knows his business from A to Z and at the time was awaiting the arrival of machinery for his department that will put his school at the top. Told me 57 (sounds like a pickle adv), but 57 on his records who are graduates of the school's shoe-making department who have their own shops, and doing well at it, a great many of them owning their own homes and fine motor cars as well. The Big Chief of the Frats now joined us again, and in Bro. Harris car to the Big Chief's recently purchased beautiful home, stopping enroute at Bro. Harris' own home to say how do to Mrs. Harris and their children. Mrs. Anderson had prepared a banquet dinner, and the evening was spent in going over Frat business until time for me to go to the Union Station to the sleeper available at 10 P.M., but not to be hauled till 11 P.M., as a fast no stop express to St. Louis over the Big Four again. Early up for the favorite indoor sport on long distance trains, the breakfast in the diner, by which time St. Louis was in sight, but it took an hour beyond usual time to get into the station, and that last hour cost me the pleasure of a welcome from the Deaf Mayor-Bishop of Buschville, for his train for Atlanta, Ga., took him away as my train came in. Bro. C. W. Haig

and his car were there tho and we lost no time in getting to the Gallaudet School where Principal (acting) Miss Pearl Herdman and her staff, Miss Steidmann, Miss Roper, the Misses Deem and Mrs. Wolfert, a daughter of Prof. and Mrs. D. W. George, all made the visitor welcome, and had him talk to their classes, after which a call on Mrs. Cloud, a visit to the Cramer Dry Plate factory where I was much more interested than Bro. Haig could have been. Dinner at the Mission Inn Gardens and to the Rectory of St. Mary's Church so that I might spend a happy hour with my good old friend the Rev. Fr. F. A. Moeller, S. J., and then back to Gallaudet School to have Miss Herdman ride to the scenes familiar to us when the N. A. D. met at St. Louis at the time of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition in 1904, only to find but a beautiful park with only the art gallery left as a reminder of the great World's Fair we saw. Until dark we rode through other parks and parkways; to the Jefferson for dinner and to Eagles Hall to meet another fine assemblage of St. Louis' best deaf people, and honored by the presence of all the teachers from Gallaudet School. The usual reception after the evening's talk, and again in Bro. Haig's car (I hadn't walked a hundred steps the whole busy day) and with Mrs. Haig and Bro. Schaub to the Union Station to go to my berth on the "Night-Hawk" of the Burlington Route, one of several no-stop trains that traverse Missouri over-night and land passengers in Kansas City at eight next morning. The "Night-Hawk" is an all Pullman sleeper, except for a lounge-dining-observation car. You can attend theatre in St. Louis at night, board the train, in one of the cars ahead or not, as you please, as long as you have paid for the accomodation. I went straight to my berth, and only awoke when the porter told me I didn't have much time to dress as we were almost in Kansas City, and when I stepped off in the Union station there were Brothers Wys, Haner and Ahearn in waiting and they steered me into the Frank Harvey dining room, in the station, and I had my first taste of a Frank Harvey breakfast, after which, in Bro. Haner's new Nash car to Swope Park, over the High Cliff Drive and for three hours through the suburbs, before we got back to the business section of Kansas City, Mo. A big dinner at Jenkins—the head waiter placing us near the orchestra as a favor to deaf people, I suppose, and then out to see the Armistice Day

Parade, after which over to Kansas City, Kansas, to see the Swift, Armour, Wilson, and other world famous Stock Yard plants; back again to Jenkins for another dinner and then to Book Binders Hall, where, despite the rain, there was a big



MR. PACH AT THE WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA SCHOOL
S. Rogalsky J. L. Friend A. L. Pach J. M. Rolhouse
F. A. Leitner Supt A. C. Manning H. Bardes

Saturday night crowd made up of graduates of many schools, Olathe, Kansas and Fulton, Missouri predominating, but still many from Oklahoma, Minnesota and Arkansas.

Usual speech and usual handshaking, and in a torrential rain, at 11:30 p. m., boarding Bro. Laughlin's new Durant "8" with my former confrere on the N. F. S. D. Board. Bro. McIlvain acting as assistant pilot and Quartermaster, Mrs.

Luther Taylor, Miss Earsley and myself on the back seat, all curtained in so the rain couldn't reach, we started our night journey from Kansas City, Mo., to Kansas City, Kan., and on to Olathe twenty-seven miles away. All went lovely over rock road till we hit the mud near Lenoxa and did a beautiful skid that put our car across the road all but blocking it and our stern in the gully. Two other cars had done the skid right by and lay overturned, their owners and occupants dead under them for all we knew. The two brothers in front know every trick to bring the power into action when this mishap occurs, but they couldn't get the car going, so the jack and the chains were got out of their nest amidship and the twain put in the next hour getting the wheels jacked up and the chains on, after which we got under way again. Of course everything was serene and lovely the while our lights held out, but what if they should go glimmering and leave us in total blackness! The road we were on was the old Santa Fe Trail. As a boy I had read of the death of hundreds of red-skins; how they "bit the dust when Ned Buntline, or Jack Harkaway or who ever it happened to be, sighted his trusty rifle!"

Odd, isn't it, how these things come back to us! Suppose the lights do fail us! Suppose some hooch smuggler, under cover of a rainy and starless night, should be making a mad dash from K. C., Mo., to some Kansas point, running without lights and hit us where he'd have to hit us, Laughlin and McIlvain being out in the open on the westerly side of the car might escape instant death, but I doubt it!

(To be Continued)

WHILE THERE'S LIFE THERE'S HOPE

Some people are religious like the old darkey who got up one night at a revival meeting and said: "Brudders and Sisters, you know an' I know I ain't been what I oughter been. I'se robbed hen roots an' stole hawgs, an' tolle lies, an' got drunk, an' slashed folks wif mah razor, an' shot craps, an' cussed, an' swore; but I thank de Lord I anit nebber los mah religion."

—*The Tablet.*



BRONX DIVISION NO. 92, NATIONAL FRATERNAL SOCIETY OF THE DEAF

A. L. PACH PHOTO.



PHILADELPHIA DIVISION NO. 30, NATIONAL FRATERNAL SOCIETY OF THE DEAF

Deaf Persons to Fight Conference Resolution

Considerable agitation among societies of the deaf has been aroused by the resolution of the Conference of Motor Vehicle Administrators, composed of motor vehicle commissioners from ten Eastern states, which would prohibit the licensing of persons who are afflicted with deafness. The resolution was passed at the previous session of the conference and was laid on the table at the Boston conference, held last week-end. The resolution as passed put the body on record as "unanimously in favor of a law in all states prohibiting the issuing of drivers' licenses to persons with defective hearing or vision."

When it became known that the subject was to be discussed at Boston a number of persons opposed to such a law prepared briefs which were to have been read at the session. The matter, however, was laid over until the January session, which is to be held at Albany.

Chief among the persons opposed to the law is W. W. Beadell, of Arlington, who prepared one of the statistical reports which Motor Vehicle Commissioner Dill of this state took with him to the conference.

In his communication of protest Mr. Beadell said in part: "I wish to submit that the adoption of so drastic an enactment as this without consulting authorities familiar with the ability and shortcomings incident to deafness would be extremely unjust and unnecessary. I have had considerable correspondence with persons who have had lifelong association with deaf

people, and without exception they express themselves as strongly opposed to a blanket law such as that proposed."

Mr. Beadell then offered an original communication from President Percival Hall of Gallaudet College (the only college for deaf persons in the world) in which he declared that of the dozen deaf drivers he knows personally not one has been in a serious accident.

Deaf Drivers in Washington

Another letter received by Mr. Beadell from H. D. Drake, of the office of the disbursing agent of the college, reads in part: "Some twenty deaf-mutes here in the District have permits, and as far as I know not a single license has been revoked. Several have had trouble, but this has not been due to their deafness. I am personally acquainted with a number of policemen here in Washington and they all agree that hearing is not an essential in the driving of a car."

Arguments against the passage of such a law by the various legislatures of the ten states are put forth in a letter to Mr. Beadell from James Albert Wales of the Wales Advertising Company of New York, who is himself deaf, according to Mr. Beadell. Mr. Wales points out particularly the difficulty which would be had in "keeping tabs" on deaf drivers and establishing what degree of deafness would prevent a responsible motorist from driving. In his letter Mr. Wales says:

"If a certain degree of deafness is to be established, how are



Photo by Lyle's Studio.

LINE OF AUTOMOBILES OWNED AND OPERATED BY THE DEAF OF SOUTH CAROLINA

you going to determine it and apply tests that will reveal it? Ever persons of so-called perfect hearing can not always hear when they have a cold, or on a cloudy day, or after they have gotten water into their ears from swimming or diving. A man might fail to pass today, but be fully able to pass to-morrow.

"Also how are you going to 'keep tab' year after year on every one? And if a man secured a license some years ago, when his hearing was perfect and it gradually has become impaired but he at the same time has become unusually expert and careful driver and has never had an accident, is his license to be taken away from him?"

Mr. Wales further contends that deafness "sharpens" a driver's eyes and that he becomes a safer driver than the man who depends to a great extent upon his ears. He says, "The deafened man keeps his weather-eye on the rear-vision mirror because the instinct of self-preservation makes him do so automatically. The man with the perfect hearing will often drive without a mirror, except when the state law compels him to do so."

All States Favor Law

Mr. Dill said today that all of the states represented at the conference are in favor of a law which would eliminate the deaf driver from the highways. When told that it had been said that New York was not favorable to such a law the commissioner denied the statement and said that all three of that state's representatives at the conference were for it.

The proposed law, however, as it has been understood by some who are opposed to its passage, would not be a blanket one, affecting all who are deaf, no matter to what extent their deafness might be.

"Such a law would be brought to bear only upon persons who are totally deaf," Mr. Dill said. "Persons who are compelled to use an acoustic icon of course would not be permitted to drive, for without it they are certainly unable to hear noises upon the highways."

"The law if adopted by the ten states would be almost exactly

like that now written upon the statutes of this state. In other words the power would be given the commissioner to refuse to issue licenses to persons who in his opinion are not physically fit to drive. Of course every driver in question would be given a severe test by persons well fitted to decide whether or not his degree of deafness would be of danger to himself and other motorists upon the highways."

Mr. Dill said that Albany had been selected as the next meeting place of the conference because the legislative session will open up in January and it is hoped to have New York pass several of the resolutions which have been unanimously agreed upon by the conference members. At that time, no doubt, the discussion regarding deaf drivers will be taken up again and it is probable that the forces fighting against the movement will be represented.

None of the resolutions thus passed by the conference will effect any change in New Jersey Mr. Dill said, because of the fact that they are already on the statute here. In fact, he pointed out, many of the proposed laws favored by the conference have been copied from the Jersey laws.

At the Boston conference Mr. Dill was again elected president of the organization. Deputy Commissioner John A. McDonaly, of Connecticut, was elected secretary.—*Newark Evening News*, September 30, 1922.

SAFETY IN NUMBERS.

Maud—"It seems terrible doesn't it for a young girl of 18 to marry a man of 70 or 80."

Alice—"It might be worse—he might be only 69."—*Life*.

No thought is beautiful which is not just, and no thought can be just which is not founded on truth.—*Addison*.

To be conscious that you are ignorant is a great step to knowledge.—*Disraeli*.

“The Sisters’ Tragedy”---A Review

By “HODMAN”



RECENTLY we were present at a particularly interesting series of “Grand Guignol” plays at the Little Theatre, London.

Five plays were presented during the afternoon:

(1) “A Happy New Year.”—The message being: “Don’t try to know the future which God hides from you.”

(2) “To be continued.”—A masterly skit on the present craze for sensation and emotion.

(3) “The Hand of Death.”—A severe warning not to temper with Death or try to emulate God.

(4) “The Better Half.”—A very clever character study of a self-opinionated man, his cynical wife and their friend.

(5) “The Sister’s Tragedy.”—A play telling the story of a Deaf-Blind man’s murder.

All five plays were very cleverly written and acted, and splendidly staged. To our mind the entertainment should do far more good than harm, because each play has a special message which is much needed, and the boldness of the experiment especially won our admiration, since we saw that there was scope for real good in each play, if judged broad-mindedly.

It is our present task, however, to deal with the last piece only, which was second on the program.

The characters were three sisters, Philippa, Charlotte and Lowrie, with their deaf-blind brother, Owen, and Charlotte’s farmer fiance, John. They struck us as being a typical well-to-do farmer’s family in England, such as we have met often ourselves, very self-righteous and self-opinionated: which mental attitude brought about the tragedy.

Philippa, the eldest girl, wanted to be a missionary, but felt rightly that real missionary work consisted in being at home to look after her brother, who had been deaf-blind from the age of seven. His part was very cleverly taken by Mr. B. Wills. The scene was the living-room of a farm.

The fundamental mistake seemed to be that, instead of having had their brother educated at a special institution, they had simply let him drag out his days in idle misery both to him and to themselves. Over and over again we have seen it proved that if you teach the Deaf and Deaf-Blind, and get their friends to enter into their lives, these classes are far indeed from being miserable, helpless, superfluous people; and we know many Deaf-Blind who not only have lived very happy and useful lives, but also have done very valuable service to the State.

Another lesson well brought out the danger of becoming distorted and obsessed in oneself and one’s so-called religion.

The play began with the incident of a rabbit being mauled by a cat, and then being put out of its misery by the second sister, Charlotte—a girl of an acid tongue and cynical disposition. From this action, Lowrie, a girl of about twelve or fourteen, jumped to the illogical conclusion that she could do a really good deed and help every one by killing her poor brother, Owen, who sat miserably apart, twisting his fingers, with neither Braille nor anything else to occupy or divert him. Philippa was quite content to stay quietly looking after him; and, excepting for making her self-sacrifice a matter of self-glory, was, according to her lights, in the right path. Charlotte visibly was put out, since she felt she was wrong to marry and leave her two sisters: a mistaken notion which also should not take

well or in the right spirit. Her indecision naturally irritated John (Mr. Lewis Casson), a typical Calvinistic farmer.

Lowrie (Miss E. Arkell), meanwhile, broods over the problem. Was it not best, she decides, to put Owen out of his misery, and so enable Philippa to go abroad and John and Charlotte to marry? It is obvious that she is overwrought and very hysterical (this was exceedingly well shown in the acting), and she hesitates, and even prays for strength to do the awful deed: which, after first trying to strangle him, she accomplishes by guiding him to the pond, in which he is drowned.

The result is general horror and condemnation, as is only right; though we do not think Lowrie was understood by the others at any time, and we saw it was a case of doing evil—instead of right—that good might come. It proved to us that if real Christianity had been evident in the family circle, instead of pious smugness, and real sympathy had been exercised, this horror never would have taken place.

To our mind, this play, unsavoury though it is, serves a useful and very valuable purpose: since, though readers of papers for the Deaf and those who know and work among them may not like the truth, we ourselves have been brought face to face with this very real problem: “Is it right to put the Deaf out of the way?” For such is the shape the question unfortunately takes to many of the general public, who do not understand the Deaf and are indifferent to their needs—not from unkindness, but from ignorance, not knowing the wonderful possibilities of happiness and usefulness that lie in this unpromising human material when properly worked up.

To our mind, it is all to the good that such a play as this should be put on the stage—the more so if workers among the Deaf will go to see it, discuss it among themselves, and study its problems thoroughly; for we suspect that most experts on the Deaf and on Blind as well—are bound to come in contact with cases in which the main question of the play is inevitably raised. If this matter were carefully and properly handled by the experts, and the problems it presents fearlessly and sincerely faced, we think much could be done to improve the lot of many of the Deaf even of the well-to-do classes, who, for one reason or another, do not mix with the Deaf world, and at the same time are never quite at home in the Hearing world.

“The Sisters’ Tragedy” is a play with a message, and we hope the message will receive the consideration it deserves.

The Deaf Citizen, published monthly at Durham, N. C., is just entering on the fourth year of its venture upon the far from profitable seas of journalism. It is a good paper and deserves the support of the people it is serving—all the deaf, as its title page says. In the November number it gives the following things it is thankful for: “We are thankful for The Deaf Citizen, which is a child of the deaf community and which shares its joys and its sorrows with those of its people. We are thankful for the North Carolina Association of the Deaf, which serves as means of making brothers and sisters. We are thankful for the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, which serves as a mother in the time of need. We are thankful for the National Association of the Deaf, which serves as a father in securing measures tending to better our condition and standing in society at large.”—*The Frat.*

Views and Reviews

By HENRY J. PULVER

1846-1922.



E SLEEPS. His hands that delighted in the exposition of the richness and beauty of the Sign Language, of which he was, in our time, the greatest master, are at rest. His heart that beat so warmly for the Deaf, everywhere, and, especially, for you who read these lines, is silent now.

We hope he knew it before he died. Surely, in that larger consciousness and clarity of vision that are the guerdon of those to whom God hath given the Crown of Life, he knows it now.

He knows how many minds he lightened with the bright suggestion of a brave dawn. He knows how many hearts he touched with the flames of his fine courage. He knows how many souls inspired to rise above the welter of the commonplace, and to seek for the eternal Right and Truth. He knows how many men and women are thanking God today that they were privileged to sit at his feet, and to be kindled by his bright spirit with the dauntless resolve that set their ships sailing into the sunrise. He knows that his service of fifty years and more as a teacher and friend has not been given in vain. He knows that the laborer is not unworthy of his hire. All these things the Good Doctor knows now, and for the fruitage of his toil he can be glad.

He was a prophet not without honour. To say this, gives us a certain quiet satisfaction and comfort. Often, one who has given himself unstintedly to the service of his fellow-men, is fated to die alone, and unregretted. How sadly true it is that, ordinarily, Life cares only for *Life*; man passes from first-found associations to new, nor knows the old no more. But with Dr. Hotchkiss, it was not so. We know it was not. As we stood there that Monday morning, in the quiet College Chapel, to take a last look at our friend, 'ere his face should be hid from our mortal eyes forever, we were profoundly stirred by the consciousness that it was not and could not be so. He lay in the midst of floral tributes from people of many minds and many places. In them, one could read the throb of immediate and unfeigned emotion; there was nothing forced about them; they bespoke sincerely the deep regard in which the man was held. But the greater tribute was in the presence of his friends, who had come from far and near to pay their final homage to him whose earthly eyes were closed in the mystic sleep of eternity, but whose soul had gone beyond the stars, to live the life that hath no end. In all that mass of people, scarcely an eye was dry. This was a tribute such as few men could ever win.

"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

MEDITATION OF HAKIM THE WISE

I. CONCERNING A CERTAIN SMALL THING.

A day ago, as I did sit in mine sanctum, there did come to me a person who doth consider himself an humorist, and inquires thusly, "Dost thou collect objects of Art?"

And answering, I said unto him, "If they be good. But take heed, that thou attempt not to pull the merino over mine eyes, for thou hast hooked me hitherto, and I will not bite so easily a second time."

And putting on a grieved mien, he did gaily, "Thy unjust suspicions doth pain me grievously, for I love thee well. Dost thou, perchance, desire to purchase an engraving of the countenance of a certain great man, by a famous artist, which I fain woudst sell these dirt cheap?"

And I inquired, warily, "Who is the great man, and by whose hand is the engraving thereof?"

And he did answer with honeyed lips, saying, "I know not the name of the artist, nor yet of the engraver, but the countenance is no other than that of a certain George Washington, of whom thou hast, perchance, heard. This engraving I would sell thee for two bits. I also doth possess a bronze medallion of one Abraham Lincoln, which thou canst purchase for four bits. These, I swear by mine beard, be straight goods. How be it, in selling them to thee for so paltry a sum, I do rob myself, and do take the food out of the mouths of mine children. Not to mine own brother would I sell them so cheaply. But I love thee, and would see thy collection grow."

And then there did break upon my mind a great light. It was an ancient wheeze, albeit a clever one. Even mine ancestor Noah did know it. And I did give the seller of engravings a contemptuous north and south, and did inquire gently, "How dost thou get that way? Knowest thou not that I can purchase my engravings of George Washington at the Post-Office for two-pence, and that for four bits I can get at the bank an handful of thy medallions of Abraham Lincoln. Get thee hence, thou reprobate, 'ere I be tempted to lay hands upon thee suddenly, and turn thee over to the keeper of the hoosegow, that he may put thee in the cooler to repent of thy ways."

And so, he did not catch me that time. But after he had taken himself off to try his bait on other fish, and I was alone in the gathering twilight, I did scratch mine noddle and did ruminate upon his bronze medallions and engravings, and how, for two of the first, one of the second may be secured. And I bethought me of what benefits may accrue from the transaction.

My friend, consider the postage stamp, how it doth stick to its object till it doth arrive. Peradventure, it may be jostled about and shaken and punched and rumpled, but, verily, it doth *get there*?

Hast thou, perchance, a sick friend in Kalamazoo? Bethink thee, then, of the time when thou, even thou, Horatio, wert sick thine self, and how thou didst feel. Consider how thou wert cheered by the letters of thine friends. Consider, also, that this insignificant postage stamp can bear thy words of sympathy to thy sick friend.

Were thou, by chance, displeased with the stand of thy Congressman upon the Tariff, or pleased with his anti-hooch activities? Give him, then, a sample of thy mind; he will be the better for it. And a postage stamp shall be thy winged mercury.

Mayhap, thou dost know a damsel in Pawtucket whom thou dost deem passing fair, and whom thou fain wouldest hitch to thine self, Mayhap, also, she doth bedazzle thee the much that in her presence thou dost feel weak and foolish, and are unable to tell her of the devotion with which thou art consumed. What then? Shalt thou let thine diffidence spill thine matrimonial beans? Nay, not so. This, thou shalt do, Romeo; thou shalt say it with a postage stamp. For all thou dost know, she may be only too eager to say, "Yes." Go to it then, my son, and I promise thee that thy investment will yield thee bounteous returns. For I, e'en I, Hakim the Wise, have been there.

Consider, especially, my friends that the joyous Christmastide doth draw nigh,—that soon, He who did gladly give away his young life because his loved our race so dearly, doth come again. And see if thou canst not exhibit for this

little while that rapt spirit of unselfishness and consideration for others that He strove so hard to inspire within thee.

Is there a man that thou dost dislike? Send him a greeting Card; he may, in reality, be thy most sincere friend.

Dost thou know an old lady, bent with care and years, who doth eke out a lonely existence in a wheel-chair? Write her a cheery word, and she will bless thy name.

Hast thou a little Mother, who doth live only for thee, and doth wistfully watch for the Postman, praying he may bring tidings from thee? Take thought, my son, of all she hath done for thee,—how her Mother-Love did flow out to thee when thou wert puny and helpless,—how in her arms she did give thee refuge from the troubles and terrors of thy childhood,—how the youthful misadventures did grieve her,—and how well she hath loved thee, in spite of everything. And write her a Christmas Letter. Or, better, still, go to her in person.

Now the moral of all that hath gone before be this: A little thing may go a long way, but eventually, it doth *arrive!*



"She Stoops to Conquer" given by Jolley Club girls of Gallaudet College.

Atlanta Convention Bulletin

Having taken the rank and file of the N. A. D. into our confidence in regard to a number of HEADLINERS of the coming Atlanta Convention, we'll have to divulge a few more as soon as we are assured of their being put through. They're simply too good to keep even as a surprise.

Meanwhile we wish to emphasize the present duty, not only of our Committee but also of every one interested in the success of the N. A. D. and its Convention, and that is to ADVERTISE. By this we don't simply mean the use of printer's ink—there are other ways just as important in which the Nad booster who doesn't talk on paper can do it. Tell it out Loud among your friends everywhere that there will be a glorious time in the Gate City of the South when watermelon time rolls around.

In some back country places it may be necessary to put prospective visitors to the Convention wise from the ground up, for there are localities inhabited by numbers of the deaf which, strange to say, have never heard of the N. A. D. In other places (remote in regard to enlightenment, and not geographically) the N. A. D. is confused with other organizations for the deaf, some of the silent folks being so narrow-minded as to have a prejudice against any except the pet association of the deaf that they may have affiliated with previously. It is the duty of every loyal Nad to instruct all such, showing them the reason for a distinct organization among the deaf like ours, which does not attempt usurp the place of other organizations of the deaf, nor can they undertake to do the work of the N. A. D.

One of the best ways to advertise the N. A. D. is to wear the emblem of the Association. Some years ago we came across the present president of the N. A. D. while on a thousand mile trip, and his hand-shake felt all the more genial

because of the familiar button he wore on the lapel of his coat—that of the organization that advertises itself as standing for THE WELFARE OF ALL THE DEAF. The fact is, the N. A. D. is the most democratic (in the best sense of the word) of organizations, as it needs to be to fit the deaf as a class, for most of them are just plain folks. If a member already wears another button or pin, as many do—well he should be reminded that his chest ought to be broad enough—swelled up with honest pride at belonging to such a fine association as the N. A. D.—to hold the N. A. D. emblem besides.

Some of the old-timers of our Association will recall that at the Norfolk convention, which was held at the same time and place as the Jamestown Exposition of 1917, every courtesy was extended the visiting deaf by the officials of the big show. The president of the Exposition went so far as to address the deaf in the auditorium on the fair grounds, and it will be remembered that, almost pathetically, he urged the visitors to speak a good word for his great fair (and it needed it badly as well as deserved it) when they got home—to tell their friends all about it.

Now, we don't purpose to follow the method of the management of the aforementioned Exposition which turned out a failure because people didn't turn out to it—we intend to do our advertising far in advance, and expect you to boost it thus early. And to assure you that it will be worth all the boosting you can give it, we'll say just this—the features of the Atlanta Convention, as planned by our Committee, will surpass those of any previous convention of the deaf.

J. H. Mc FARLANE,
Chairman N. A. D. Program Committee.



HELEN KEARNY, fifteen-year old daughter of Mrs. Mollie Kearny, a teacher in School for the Deaf, Trenton, N. J. She is very popular among the younger set, being Vice president of the High School Reserve Officers, President of the High School Sophomore Girl Reserves, a Y.W.C.A. worker and fond of athletics.

The Silent Worker

[Entered at the Post Office in Trenton as Second Class Matter]

ALVIN E. POPE **Editor**
GEORGE S. PORTER Associate Editor and Business Mgr.

The Silent Worker is published monthly from October to July inclusively by the New Jersey School for the Deaf under the auspices of the New Jersey State Board of Education. Except for editing and proof reading, this magazine represents the work of the pupils of the printing department of the New Jersey School for the Deaf.

The Silent Worker is the product of authors, photographers, artists, photo-engravers, linotype operators, job compositors, pressmen and proof-readers, all of whom are deaf.

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Articles for publication should be sent in early to insure publication in the next issue.

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THE SILENT WORKER, Trenton, N. J.



Vol. 35

JANUARY

No. 4

Thirty Years Ago

The SILENT WORKER intends to open a new column under the head of "Thirty Years Ago." This may seem like an innovation more suitable to country weekly but, nevertheless, we believe it will interest many of the deaf.

We find that thirty years ago the New Jersey School was visited by an epidemic of Scarlet Fever. The first death recorded was that of Mary McGee, a fourteen year old orphan. The next was Christine Johnson eight years of age. In referring to her the article states "she was very pretty, with sunny hair, pink and white cheeks, and bright blue eyes. Her disposition was very sweet and affectionate." The third death was Roxanna Howell, fourteen years of age. The following is quoted from the account: "when the last case of Scarlet Fever had recovered, and, after thorough cleaning, disinfecting and fumigation of the rooms occupied by the sick, the building had been pronounced free from all danger from that source, we hoped that our school would be free from farther attacks of disease and death. But the epidemic of Influenza which had swept over the country, did not pass us over.

The January issue of the SILENT WORKER of 1892 the following editorial also appeared:

"After our sad experience during the present season, it seems hardly necessary to say that this school needs rooms for hospital use, and a regular nurse,—and needs them badly, too. Such is the feeling among those members of our Board who know most about this school and its workings, and we trust the matter will receive attention during this winter's session of the Legislature. We have had a fair-weather sailing for eight years, but this

term we have encountered storms, and we must expect rough weather from time to time. We believe the next time rough weather epidemic disease visits us, we shall not be unprepared for it."

The school now has a hospital and a nurse. There has not been a death for many years. Each year the medical department saves many times its expense. For example, at two different times last year, children coming to school brought a case of whooping cough and a case of measles. In both instances, an epidemic was prevented not an additional case developed. The school was not in quarantine and not a day of school was missed except by the two children who were sick. Without the hospital and nurse, these diseases would have spread among the children and the entire school would have been quarantined. There would have been the enormous cost of maintaining the school for a month or two without the benefits of class work. The development of a medical department has taken place in practically every school for the Deaf.

Safeguard Your Investments

The Government is paying off one of the issues of Liberty Bonds. It is also redeeming Postal Saving Stamps. Any deaf person receiving cash for these securities must beware of the wiley stock or bond agent who is very anxious to make you rich quickly. Do not invest this money without first consulting your local banker or some old reliable firm which knows the ins and outs of such business and which will guard your interests, unless you invest in United States Treasury Certificates which are sold for Eighty-two Dollars and for which you receive One Hundred Dollars at the end of five years, making a four and one-half percent investment. You can also buy these notes at the sum of Eight Hundred and Twenty Dollars and receive One Thousand Dollars at the end of five years. These are the very best and safest investments. Beware of the solicitor who promises great returns and who employs psychological tricks in order to induce you to sign for his particular investment so that he will receive his commissions on the same. Many of these men are honest and believe in the concerns they represent but that does not signify that the companies are financially sound and that the proposition is reliable. Consult your banker or broker. When you invest in Government securities it is not necessary to consult any one. Any postmaster will explain the proposition to you.

Resurrecting an Old Idea

In looking over the old numbers of the SILENT WORKER we find that Mr. Inman's suggestion of an industrial department is not a new one. Mr. Porter conducted such a department in the columns of the magazine for a number of years. Times have changed since then and, necessarily, the department will be conducted along a little different line.

War Savings Stamps

War Savings Stamps, series of 1918, become due and payable on January 1, 1923. The people who bought these Stamps will receive their full face value upon redemption, and will find that the money they saved five years ago has earned every year about 4 per cent. compound interest. In order to afford the holders of War Savings Stamps an opportunity to continue their investment in a safe Government security, the Treasury Department is offering an exchange of War Savings Stamps for Treasury Savings Certificates. These Certificates are issued in denominations of \$25, \$100 and \$1,000, maturity value, and sold for \$20.50, \$82 and \$820 respectively. The holders of War Savings Stamps can get the Certificates at these prices upon application through their own banks or their post offices. Exchanges will be made as of January 1, 1923, upon applications presented between November 15, 1922, and January 15, 1923. Immediate payment will be made in cash of any difference due the holder of War Savings Stamps if he takes the largest amount of Treasury Savings Certificates on the exchange.

If a holder has \$25 in War Savings Stamps, he may exchange them for a \$25 Certificate and get \$4.50 in cash. His original investment in that instance grows to \$29.50. If he has \$100 in War Savings Stamps, he can get a \$100 Treasury Savings Certificate and \$16 in cash, in which instance the original investment grows to \$1216.

A growing inclination of the people to save, and their desire to find a safe re-investment for their money, leads Treasury officials to believe that a large part of the \$6000,000,000 in War Savings Stamps soon to become due will be exchanged into Treasury Savings Certificates.

DR. JOHN BURTON HOTCHKISS

BY MRS. F. A. ANDREWJESKI

*Happy, cheerful, loyal, man,
Built upon the Godlike plan,
Always doing something good,
For his human brotherhood;
Memory, with her magic spell
O'er the years shall fondly tell
How his glorious active mind
Loved and wrought for all mankind.*

These lines so aptly describe the life and character of our late departed John Burton Hotchkiss, and express the esteem in which we hold him. We think they should be carved on his tombstone, and committed to memory by all who love him, and by his friends who may pass by his grave.

But, who among the hundreds he has taught can say they do not love him and revere his memory? Who among them can say he did not, at one time or other, do some kindly service? His position among the deaf is indeed unique—a most respected counselor, a greatly beloved friend, and a highly honored teacher—what a title for any man!

DESERVED RECOGNITION

The sign-language has received recognition from one of the great seats of learning of the nation. At George Washington University, one of the students elected to study the sign-language and the authorities gave him the same credit for it that he would have received had he chosen French, German, or one of the usual languages offered in University courses.—*Kentucky Standard.*

"Jazz is going," says a dance expert.
Yes, it seems to be going very well.

The Silent Workers Subscription Campaign

The SILENT WORKER has started a subscription campaign among its agents. To three best agents of the month bound volumes of The SILENT WORKER of two or three years will be sent as an appreciation of their efforts to make our magazine better and more serviceable than ever. Help your agent win. Starting with this issue we give the portraits in half-tone of two of our best agents during the month of December, and will keep up the practice as long as the bound volumes last. Each volume is full of very valuable matter pertaining to the deaf all over the world and will become more precious with time. The third best agent is Mr. James F. Brady, of Philadelphia, whose portrait we failed to get in time for this issue.



FRANCIS P. GIBSON

As Grand Secretary of the National Fraternal Society, Francis P. Gibson is probably one of the best known men in the country and really needs no introduction. He has served the WORKER many years and has always sent in a big list of subscribers every fall. See the expression of satisfaction.



MRS. AUGUSTA K. BARRETT

Mrs. Agusta Barrett, formerly of Council Bluffs, Iowa, but now of Los Angeles, Cal., looms up big with a long string of names to her credit. She only recently joined our force of agents and has proven her worth already. See the expression.

Small Observes by a Small Observer

By WALLACE COOK



BSERVING from various sources the proceedings of the first three-day convention ever attempted by the deaf of New Jersey it has brought out more clearly a fact I have observed for a great many years: there is no one among the several hundred odd deaf people in the state who is looked up to and whose word is taken finally—no dominating leader. The trouble with New Jersey as I observe it is that it is composed of little groups, each one governed by different lines of thought and ideas. For instance: the deaf in Essex County and the deaf in Camden County are as far apart in aims and ideas as they are geographically. The deaf of Camden or Salem Counties don't give a whoop for what the deaf of Essex or Hudson or Warren Counties are saying or doing, and the deaf of the northern tier care precisely the same for the doings or goings on among those in the southern part of the state.

All this in my mind is very deplorable. I found it out when I was the first secretary of the old Association. Most of the membership was drawn from centers like Trenton, Newark and Jersey City, maybe because they are large centers of population where the deaf can get together conveniently, yet I found opposite aims and ideas in each center. I tried to interest the deaf in other places such as Camden, Monmouth, Atlantic and Burlington Counties and the results were exactly zero. Study of the problem convinced me in the end of the need of two things; a leader whom they all would follow and an idea. No state organization can ever expect to exist long without some real and vital aim that is next to the heart and of paramount interest to all the deaf of the state. The late Mrs. M. Heyman, of New York, pointed out to me that the "Home" idea was the dominating feature of the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf and I never realized how important it was until I moved to Philadelphia and became interested in the work of the Society.

A leader is another matter. He or she must of necessity be one of the New Jersey deaf and be one whom no one can accuse of using the office to further one's personal affairs. I observe it is a funny thing that the deaf of New Jersey seldom choose a real out-and-out Jerseyite. (This expression is not to be construed as meaning that one must be born in New Jersey, educated at the Trenton school, etcetera; but more particularly one who is a resident of the state through voluntary choice and whose allegiance is not divided through previous associations and residence elsewhere. Some of those who do not come under this heading have, I cheerfully acknowledge, made excellent officers, yet for the very same reason only one or two of them had power to attract the deaf as a state body, their influence being confined mostly to their own locality and personal acquaintance. This is by no means intended as a criticism, but it is an observation extending over a quarter of a century of more or less close contact). Why? Have they no one among them whom they can trust with leadership? Do they find the fleshpots of Egypt more to their taste than the home-made variety? Are they afraid of themselves? Maybe they are running around in a circle, which is good exercise but which gets them nowhere. What is more, a leader does not necessarily have to be the presiding officer. I know a lot of leaders who are not officers at all. Also I know a lot of presiding officers who made poor leaders. A good leader can do efficient work as simply a member of the executive committee of whatever organization he belongs. As far as I am concerned my desire has been not to hold any more offices in whatever organizations I am a member. I spent two years going through

office was forced on me, much to my disgust, and I have been unable to get out.

I observe the automobile resolution took up quite a lot of space and as my information goes, a lot of talk. Now it is a matter that interests me only because of the discrimination shown. I am a lot more interested in fighting circulio beetles and San Jose scale than I am for the right to drive a car down the White Horse Pike, for I haven't at present the slightest desire to own one. In my case the garden, the lodge, an occasional movie and my family affairs furnish all the relaxation needed after five strenuous days with art editors, proofreaders and such. Yet if the deaf of New Jersey, that is any considerable number of them, want the right—pardon, want to exercise their right—to drive a private Juggernaut on the public highways why don't they instead of talking get to work and force a test case of it in the courts? Suppose one of them buys a second-hand "lizzie" and applies for a learner's permit or an operator's license and upon it being refused start the ball rolling by applying through his legal adviser for a rule to show cause why the State Commissioner should not grant him a license or an injunction compelling him to do so, or some such legal proceeding and that he carry the case to the United States Supreme Court if necessary. Let the rest of those who want to operate cars finance the proceedings. In short, act.

I have talked with personal friends who own cars and some of them see no reason why a deaf man cannot operate one, yet they shake their heads in a rather doubtful manner and begin to point out various difficulties and drawbacks a deaf man would encounter. Their general impression seems to be that hearing is necessary in some way. I know of one deaf man who drives a car in my vicinity, yet he has to the best of my knowledge never figured in a smash-up or accident. License or no license he drives.

A man hard of hearing or nearly deaf can secure a license if he can pass the examination and manage to conceal his defect. So can a man with a glass eye.

It would not be a bad idea to get some of the deaf car owners in other states to write short articles on how they drive and point out any advantage they enjoy over a driver who can hear. A collection of statistics on deaf car owners and drivers and the number of accidents they have figured in would perhaps be interesting. To be fair, get all the details.

One sad after-the-war result that has come under my observation is a young fellow who became totally deaf from shell-shock, both ear drums being ruptured. He was sent to a government-conducted school to study lip reading and in a short time discharged. What he did not learn was voluminous. He lacked patience, could not become reconciled to his present state. Tried one trade after another and thought his deafness an unsurmountable bar to any of them, which was largely imagination. His mother states he became morose and ugly, unreasonable, wanted to know what the subject of conversation was all the time. There was only one member of his family who could talk to him with any degree of success, largely because he could not read the lips very well and they would not or did not know how to speak with the lips. I had more than half a mind to take him in hand and introduce him into the deaf world. The reason I have not done so yet is largely a private one and the introduction will keep for a while. There must be many cases like this and no doubt some valuable additions to the workers among the deaf can be gained among the ex-soldiers who have become deaf, that is unless they have been warned by the oralists that the deaf-and-dumb monkey language is bad medicine and they must avoid it at the risk of something worse than being deaf.

WOMAN'S PAGE

Edited by Mrs. George T. Sanders

"God bless us, every one"

"So say we all of us"



WITH the October number of the SILENT WORKER began a list of deaf women who have made, or are making, their marks in the world of deaf and hearing alike. We take pleasure in adding, in this issue, the names of a few more, beginning with that of Mrs. Annie Lashbrook, who has edited the Rome N. Y., *Register* for a long period, besides taking active interest in civic and social affairs not only in her neighborhood but also in national matters. *Apropos* of editors—here is the resurrected *The Southern Optimist* published at Atlanta, Georgia, and edited by Mrs. C. L. Jackson with the able assistance of Mrs. J. G. Bishop. From present reading, the little publication promises well and the title is pat, for who of us is not optimistic as to the future of the deaf; besides, we of the North, East and West know too little of what is going on in the South and who is doing it. Since the managers of the paper are women, it is up to them to keep it alive.

On the last page is the advertisement of the Carter House, managed successfully by Mrs. M. J. Carter who took up the business after being left a widow with children. By the way, she is a NAD. Thanks are due to our F. P. Gibson for calling our attention to both *The Southern Optimist* and Mrs. Carter's advertisement. He surely reads every page of the SILENT WORKER!

We have much to be thankful for because the beautiful dancer of the West is showing the world of the hearing that the deaf have as many graces and accomplishments as hearing people; in the East is Miss Cecile Hunter who taught dancing near Cornell University with great success for some years and is teaching the art in New York City as a side occupation. One does become rather nettled when a stranger, watching some graceful dancers asks "Can they dance?" And there was ocular proof that "they" can! More anon!

KITCHENETTES

Set aside a pan, spoon and pancake lifter for exclusive use in frying or baking fish. Time and effort are saved besides banishing the offensive odor and taste of fish from other utensils.

Avoid the unsightly uncovered garbage receptacle in the sink by purchasing a covered pail, preferably enamel as being sanitary, and require a carpenter to drill the necessary holes in the lower part.

Tear a small hole in a corner of a paper bag and pour into it coffee dregs, thus obviating the possibility of clogging the sink pipes and doing away with the necessity of washing up the sink.

TIPS FOR THE DRESSMAKER

When cutting goods for a dress or any other article of wear, don't follow the notches in the patterns but cut little points outward instead. Any dressmaker will readily understand the wisdom of doing this. Frequently the inward cut of the cloth has blocked the attempt to let out tight seams. A tip to the wise!

Despite the edict of Parisian modistes American Women are independently wearing their skirts from six to nine inches from the floor. Deliver us from the street-weeping garment!

CHILI CON CARNI

Cut chicken (or veal) into small pieces, add a handful of kidney beans some pimento, one onion chopped finely and a clove of garlic. Add salt to taste and cook until the meat is done. When ready to serve, add a little Mexican chili sauce or tabasco and eat with crackers.

SWEDISH CANDY

Place in saucepan two cups of brown sugar, one-half cup of butter, three tablespoonfuls of milk and one-quarter teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Place on stove and cook until the mixture will form a soft ball when dropped into cold water. Rub a shallow saucepan with salad oil and spread thickly with finely chopped nuts and seedless raisins and pour over it the prepared syrup. Cool and cut into blocks. These blocks can be dipped into melted chocolate or formed while warm into balls and rolled in very finely chopped nuts.

THINK TWICE ABOUT CHILDREN'S REQUESTS

By Rene Stillman

Sometimes I wonder why we soon forget our childhood! Certainly we need to have its emotions and perspectives on tap if we, in turn, have childhood depending upon us. Those of us who can best remember our own childhood are the most successful childtrainers, and without a doubt the kindest, because we understand best.

I must have been about six when my request to wear an elaborately shirred brown velvet tam o' shanter was denied. It was a holiday outing of some sort and even as I look back upon it there was no particular reason for my elders having emphatically decided upon a blue felt instead. The blackness of despair settled upon me as that blue crown was firmly crushed upon my resentful head and its elastic dragged under my quivering chin. In the thoughts of my elders my request was but a thing of the moment, when, as a matter of fact, it spoiled my entire day, and I rushed at once to fondle my beloved tam o' shanter the moment I arrived home.

REFUSALS FLOODED UPON CHILDREN

Perhaps it is because the memory of this needless refusal is yet keen that I am particularly given to noticing the stream of refusals flooded upon the children of my acquaintance, and by persons who love them and should know better. It is safe to say that sixty per. cent. of the refusals are unnecessary. Also, it is noticeable, where refusals are in the minimum, that the parents are usually not sufficiently conscientious, and only say "yes" instead of "no" because it is the path of least resistance.

Though they are in the minority, there are, however, exemplary parents who bring thought and intelligence to bear upon the multitudinous requests of children and young people. They say "yes" when "yes" seems best and "no" when "no" is best. It can readily be seen, too, that aside from fairness to the children, this thoughtful granting or refusing of

The parent who considers a request intelligently is not likely to change the verdict after it is once given and children find it useless to beg for such a change. It does not follow however that a parent's denial should be inflexible. There are times when a parent finds that it is wise to change a decision, taking the trouble to give the reason why and children learn and respect parents' decisions.

Recently while I was visiting the mother of a little boy he came rushing in with "Muzzer," can I have a cookie? Billy and Tommy are outside—can't I have one for 'em, too, Muzz?" "Yes, but limit it to one apiece, dear. Mother won't have any time to bake again this week," answered my friend.

Then she looked at me and sighed as the boy went out. "That happens almost every day. Sometimes I get a bit provoked at having to feed the neighborhood, but I wouldn't blunt Jimmie's generosity to save a million cookies nor would I shame him before his waiting friends." What a joy forever is the thought of that mother. May her kind increase!

"Mother, may I take my story-book out on the front step?" asked that same Jimmie's small cousin, and the sister of Jimmie's mother answered—so unlike can two persons raised in the same family be—"Of course not. The place for books is indoors. You're always wanting to do something."

In another home I glimpsed a shabby little chair in an otherwise nicely furnished living room. Its nature was shortly explained to me. "That's Buster's 'climb-up,'" laughed 2-year-old Buster's mother. "He has a passion for looking out that particular window. At first we spread a paper over one of the good chairs whenever he insisted upon sight-seeing. But it was a trouble if there didn't happen to be a paper nearby, for, of course, I wouldn't think of refusing him a little request like that; so we brought in the climb-up chair. He adores it."

For a single, solitary month, let's see how many requests of children and young people we can legitimately grant. You will be so delighted with the resulting spirit and happiness that the granting will become a jolly habit.

Our Chess Column

Edited by TOBIAS BRILL

RELATIVE VALUES OF THE PIECES

In order to be able to make even exchanges during the course of the game, it is important to know what has been found to be the relative values of the pieces. Particular combinations, of course, will modify these relative values, increasing the value of a piece that is normally inferior, or reducing an otherwise strong piece to one of little assistance. If the defending party, however, has succeeded in frustrating an attack and overcoming a difficult situation, the pieces usually regain their normal values.

The KING, not being subject to capture, stands in a class by himself and cannot be considered in a discussion of relative values.

The QUEEN is, of course, the strongest piece. Because of her great mobility, the beginner should not exchange her for a rook and a bishop or knight, or even for two rooks. The experienced player, however, especially in the end game, may sometimes find it advisable to make such an exchange.

The ROOK comes next in importance. With otherwise equal forces and equal game, however, he is no stronger than, or even quite so strong as, two bishops, two knights, a knight and a bishop, or a bishop and one or two pawns.

There is considerable divergence in opinion as to which is stronger, a BISHOP or a KNIGHT. Ordinarily, they may be readily exchanged, one for the other. In the end game, however, a knight is usually of slightly greater value in the attack,

because it alternately covers both colors, whereas one bishop can control only one color and the opponent can easily put his piece practically out of commission by placing his men on the opposite color. For the defense a bishop is preferable because it can be moved and still protect the same square that it did, while a knight cannot be moved without taking the defense from a certain square. Whether two bishops or two knights are to be preferred in the end game is largely a matter of personal choice. Two bishops placed in a favorable position are generally stronger than two knights. Experts usually consider a bishop of slightly greater value than a knight.

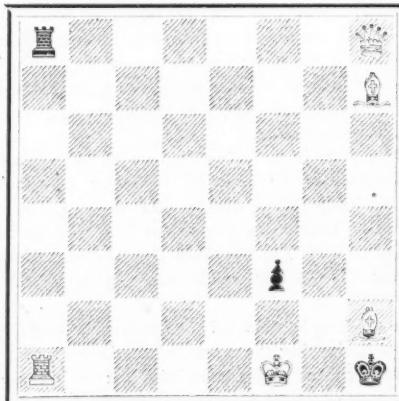
The value of a PAWN is frequently underestimated in a free exchange. Many a game develops into an end game of pawns where the superiority in strength of one pawn is usually the decisive factor. The sacrifice of a pawn, therefore, should only be made with a definite purpose of superiority of position gained. How many pawns equal the values of the different pieces is hard to say. Each situation will have to be considered on its own merit.

This issue goes to press before there has been sufficient time for any correspondence to come to the Editor's desk in response to the opening column last month. The solution to Problem No. 1 and the list of correct solvers will, therefore, be published next month.

PROBLEM No. 2

By G. Chocolous

BLACK



WHITE

White to play and mate in two moves.

KING'S GAMBIT DECLINED

(From Mason's Art of Chess")

| White | Black | White | Black |
|-----------|------------|----------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1. P—K4 | P—K4 | 10. K—Q sq. | Kt x R |
| 2. P—KB4 | B—B4 | 11. Q x P | K—Q2 |
| 3. Kt—KB3 | P—Q3 | 12. P x P | P x P |
| 4. B—B4 | Kt—QB3 | 13. R—B sq. | B—K2 |
| 5. Kt—B3 | Kt—B3 | 14. B—KKt5 | R—KKt sq. |
| 6. P—Q3 | B—KKt5 | 15. Q x BP | R x B |
| 7. P—KR3 | B x Kt | 16. Q—K6 ch. | K—K sq. |
| 8. Q—x B | Kt—Q5 | 17. R x Kt | Resigns, because |
| 9. Q—Kt3 | Kt x P ch. | his moves from now on are forced | |
| | | | and he cannot avert defeat. |

WANTED

Class A Deaf Baseball Players to come to California. Jobs will be furnished to them when they qualify. Boozeers or triflers need not apply.

Address:

OAKLAND SILENT ATHLETIC CLUB,

215 Pantages Theatre Bldg.,

Oakland, Calif.

Advertisement.

National Association of the Deaf

Organized 1880. Incorporated 1900. An organization for the Welfare of all the Deaf

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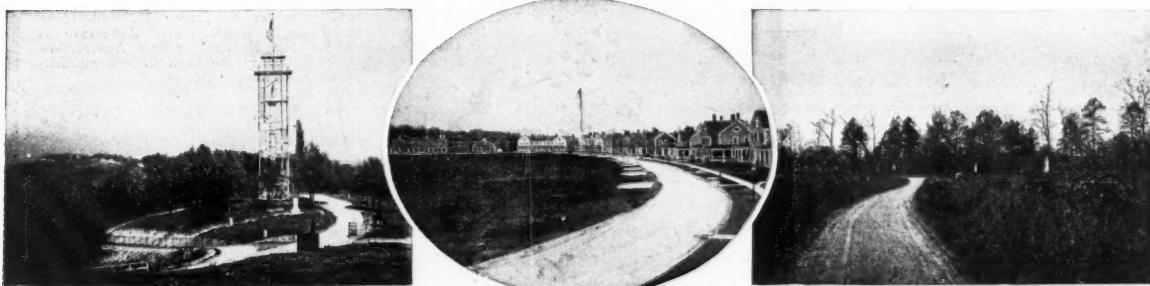
Roll of Immortals

LIFE MEMBERS OF THE N. A. D.

Their names will live forever in the annals of the National Association of the Deaf. That means they will be immortal in the history of the Deaf, for the National Association of the Deaf has made, is making, and will make history for that class for which it was founded and for which it exists. Those who join and drop out leave nothing by which to be remembered.

| | |
|-----------------------------|----------------------|
| 91—Curtis Dawkins..... | Mississippi |
| 92—Lawrence Cranford..... | Mississippi |
| 92—Mrs. James H. Cloud..... | Missouri |
| 94—Roger O. Scott..... | District of Columbia |
| 95—August J. Beckert..... | Ohio |
| 96—Mary B. Logan..... | Missouri |
| 97—A. H. McDonald..... | Canada |
| 98—Elwood A. Stevenson..... | Kansas |
| 99—Charles R. Wiemuth..... | New York |
| 100—H. J. Soland, Jr..... | Louisiana |

Atlanta, Ho!



Visitors to Atlanta during the Convention of the National Association of the Deaf, August 13-18, 1923, will have an opportunity to see some of the scenic wonders of the Great South, and some of the historic spots hallowed by the blood of

those who died in the war between the States. What heart does not thrill at the names "Missionary Ridge" and "Chickamauga," even at this distant day.

Their names are erased by the swiftly moving hand of Time, to appear no more. Leave your name and the impress of your personality on the scroll of history: Become a LIFE MEMBER.

| NO. | NAME | STATE |
|----------------------------|--------------|-------|
| 76—Joseph Cox..... | Kansas | |
| 77—John A. De Lance..... | Minnesota | |
| 78—John E. Purdum..... | Illinois | |
| 79—R. M. Winkle..... | Kansas | |
| 80—Samuel Frankenheim..... | New York | |
| 81—Mary M. Price..... | Vermont | |
| 82—Harry E. Stevens..... | New Jersey | |
| 83—Frederick A. Moore..... | New Jersey | |
| 84—William McKinney..... | Pennsylvania | |
| 85—James S. Reider..... | Pennsylvania | |
| 86—Francis Holliday..... | Pennsylvania | |
| 87—Sara S. Holliday..... | Pennsylvania | |
| 88—H. L. Tracy..... | Mississippi | |
| 89—Mrs. Max Lubin..... | New York | |
| 90—Luther Donathan..... | Mississippi | |

Gallaudet Monument Fund Committee

President Cloud has appointed Mr. H. D. Drake of Washington, D. C., to serve as treasurer of the Gallaudet Monument Repair Fund Committee. He succeeds the late Dr. John B. Hotchkiss, who was treasurer of the fund since its inception a decade ago. The vacancy on the committee caused by Dr. Hotchkiss' death has not as yet been filled.

The Deaf and the Census

The Bureau of the Census is preparing to take next year a census of the institutional population, similar to that of 1910. The Director of the Census has asked the Secretary-Treasurer's office to furnish certain data for this undertaking and to pass upon the advisability of asking some of the questions propounded in 1910. This office has aided as far as possible, but has not yet received a copy of the questions under consideration.

The 1910 report in question is entitled "Benevolent Institutions." In view of the great change that has taken place in the last decade with respect to the classification of schools for the deaf, it seems out of place for such schools to be listed by a governmental agency under the head of benevolent or charitable. In our letter to Director Stewart of the Census Bureau, we wrote in part:

"The practice of the Bureau of the Census heretofore in listing schools for the deaf with benevolent institutions should, I think, be changed. Schools of this nature should be listed as educational institutions. Recent action on the part of many states has classified schools for the deaf with educational institutions, where they belong. These schools are not in any way charitable or benevolent, but purely educational in nature."

Bureau of Investigation

Regarding many inquiries about the safety of exchange of the old stock of a certain food products company for the new stock of the merger of which the above company is now a part, we beg to say that the stock of the new company is just as good as the stock of the old company. As the exchange does not require additional cash, it is probably best to make the exchange.

The recommendation of the exchange of these stocks, however, has nothing to do with the merit of this security.

ARTHUR L. ROBERTS

JAY C. HOWARD

SAMUEL FRANKENHEIM,

Joint Bureau of Investigation

N. A. D.—N. F. S. D.

DEAR FRIEND, GOODBYE To John Burton Hotchkiss

Great hearted, generous, and good:
Finding joy in the art of living
With friends and books: enacting o'er again
All the mimic roles of literary fancy:
Ever the student and scholar.

Soundless your world, your eyes were
keen:

Observing here the passing show,
And there the blushing secret:
Oft your gentle satire, without malice,
Touched home a dart that made hearts tingle
With a precious memory.

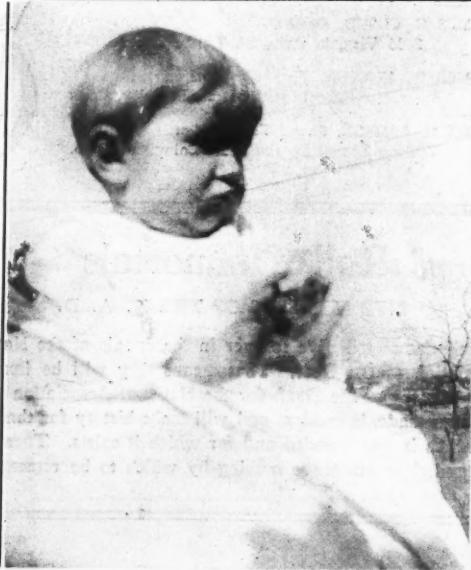
Companion of pain, 't was yours to know

How heavily Fate's hand upon you bore:
Yet cheerful, valiant, and true,
Steadfast you held to ideals noble,
In this vale of darkness and depression.

Now on high Olympus you sit, and there
beguile

The passing days with tender musings:
Or stir, with deft touch, the risibilities
Of great Jove: or walk 'mid Elysian fields
Whilst the music of the heavenly spheres
Rolls round you in engulping melody,
Your soul freed of earthly cares:
Beloved Friend, Godspeed for evermore.

Types of Children of Deaf Parents



Julia Celia Robertson, daughter of James M. and Irene (Burrow) Robertson, Raleigh, N. C. Mr. Robertson is the hustling President of the North Carolina Association of the Deaf and Assistant Editor of the Deaf Citizen published in his home state.



George Francis Hall, eighteen months old, son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hall, of Brooklyn, N. Y. Mrs. Hall was Grace E. Costello before her marriage. Photo taken at the age of nine months.

ATHLETICS

Edited by F. A. Moore

DOCTOR JOHN BURTON HOTCHKISS---A TRIBUTE

DOCTOR HOTCHKISS was a MAN. We not only liked him—we loved him. He was not weak, sentimental or half-hearted. He was kind, charitable, sympathetic and wholly unashamed to exhibit genuine sentiment. He possessed that essential quality of character—backbone. He could look any man in the face and tell him, if necessary, his frank opinion.

He was not cold, nor bitter, nor one of that mongrel breed which sees its acquaintances only when it is convenient to do so. Instead, he had a look of friendliness in his eyes; he was cordial, approachable, human; he shook hands like a man, not for convention's sake, but because it gave him real pleasure to do so.

He was not a shirker, nor a hermit. He believed in open air and sunshine, in manly sports and in earnest human endeavor. He did not sit on the side lines and cuss the umpire. He got into the game and was not ashamed to be one of us. In late years he sat on the bench among us players and cheered and yelled like one of us. Did he ever miss a home game? Not if he could help it. He called an error an error, a bonehead play a bonehead play, a fool a plain fool. He never sugared his words. He rallied the teams time and again, and how we fought for his praise.

He did not have "Home, Sweet Home" over his mantel. But his home was a place of rest and comfort and good cheer and children's voices. He joked and was joked at. His jokes were always clean and spicy and witty. How we enjoyed them and craved for more.

He was more than a teacher. He was a comrade. He stood stanchly by the students in particular and the deaf in

general. He possessed opinions and a will. He detested "pull" or flattery. In the Faculty Meetings he condemned and praised without prejudice. He was FAIR.

He did not whine about the numerous responsibilities heaped upon him. He was not one of those spineless fellows who hides behind a conspicuous motto above his desk. He waded into his duties and always did his best. Never, if he could help it, did he fail his friends. He knew that the only real and worthwhile service which he could do to his fellow men was to shed his coat and DO something.

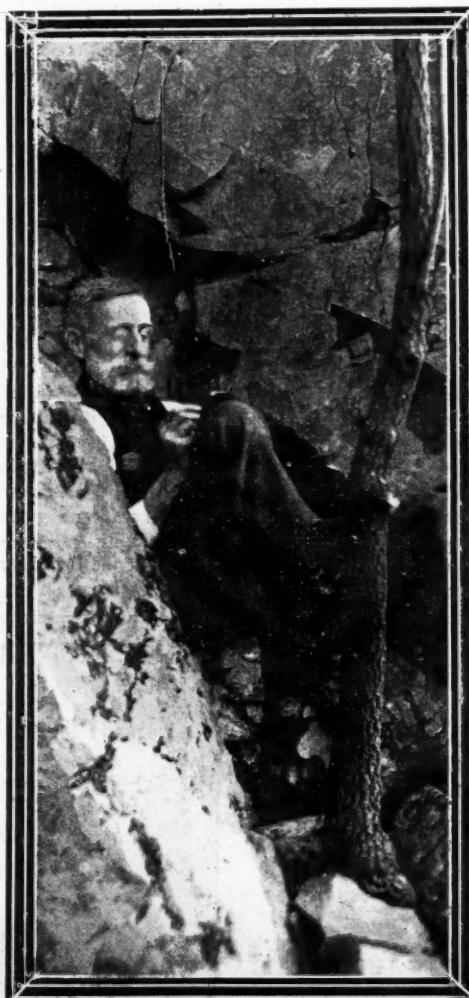
He did not pose as a saint, but deep down in his inner and better nature there was an ineradicable belief in Divine Providence and an abiding faith in his Creator. On the Chapel platform he preached earnestly and interestingly. His topics were always vital. He prayed long and impressively. His signs were beautiful. In this art he was an idealist.

He was a student, friend, teacher, comrade of the deaf. And now he is gone. We kept him in harness to the last. We could not spare him.

Give us MEN.

Doctor Hotchkiss was a MAN.

*"GOD give us men. The time demands
Strong minds, great hearts,
true faith and willing hands;
Men who possess opinions
and a will;
Men who have honor; men
who will not lie;
Men who can stand before
a demagogue,
And damn his treacherous
Flatteries without winking;
Tall men, sun-crowned, who
live above the fog
In public duty and in private
thinking!"*



DR. J. B. HOTCHKISS
Friend, Student, Teacher

DR. HOTCHKISS' INTEREST IN SPORTS

By GUILBERT C. BRADDOCK, '18

DR. HOTCHKISS' STORY OF SAM GREEN.

(It is after 10:30 one evening on second floor, College Hall. The going out of the bedroom lights has driven into the corridor all students disinclined toward an early bed-time. They recline on the radiator, on the stairway, and under the great hall light to talk one another into a state of sleepiness. Dr. Hotchkiss emerges from his private study at the end of corridor, hatted, coated, and carrying his cane, but apparently reluctant at leaving his books.)

1st STUDENT: Hello, Doc.

Dr. H.: Hello, boys.

2nd STUDENT: Did you see the game this afternoon?

Dr. H.: No. Who won?

3rd STUDENT: We lost. 13 to 2.

Dr. H.: That's good. Don't give the other side any credit. Don't say "they won," but "we lost." Losing a game is as much an accomplishment as winning one, if you try as hard to lose as the other team tries to win.

4th STUDENT: Well, we didn't try to lose. The team was crippled, with two of our best players laid up. But we would have won anyway in the second half if—

Dr. H.: It must have been a great game, even if we did not win. I couldn't find time to go and see it, but I often derive as much pleasure from letting others tell me how it happened. That is, if they don't do it the way Sam Green once did.

1st STUDENT: Who the Sam Hill is Sam Green?

Dr. H.: He was a classmate of mine way back in 187—. We picked him one season to see a baseball game for us, and he took a cruel advantage of our confidence. We had just money enough among us to buy one ticket, and we decided Sam was the man best qualified to report the game to us. So we gave him the money and sent him off with full instructions and dire threats if he failed to make good. We waited feverishly all afternoon for his return, and when he finally arrived, long after supper-time, we rushed at him like mad. It seemed as if he had a lot to tell us,—but this is the way he started:

"First inning. Visitors at bat. First batter hit the ball a hard smack and lit out for the bag. Ball soared high above first base, just within the foul line. First-Baseman stood poised, ready to catch the fly, but Batter came like a blue streak. Anybody could see that Batter would reach base before ball reached First-Baseman's mitt. So First-Baseman yelled to Pitcher, and then jumped up in the air to where the ball was, grabbed it, and hurled it in a straight throw down to Pitcher, who reached the bag a quarter-second before Batter got there— OUT!"

.....When Sam Green got *there*, he was out, too. We pounced on him with howls of rage and gave him the pummeling of his life. We made him pay for abusing our eagerness and impatience. It was mean of him—when we were hungry for bread, to feed us a stone. Of course he said it was only his little joke, and gave us afterward what he said was the actual facts, but he couldn't set himself square with us again. Nothing would convince us that he did not take our ticket money and squander it on a vaudeville entertainment instead of going to the game.

2nd STUDENT: It sure was a "base" ball story for him to tell you.

3rd STUDENT: I don't blame you for making a football out of him for it.

Dr. H.: Well, boys I must be going.

4th STUDENT: Good night, Doc.

Dr. H.: Good night, boys.

The aforesaid narrative may contribute little of association or interest to the many intimate friends of the genial Dr. Hotchkiss. But the recollection of that story of his suggests to me something else besides his skill as an entertainer. To paraphrase Captain Cuttle's sea-going friend: "The p'int o' the story depends on the application on it." Apply this Sam Green episode to Dr. Hotchkiss' whole experience in the class-rooms of Gallaudet College, and you have the most tickling aspect of the relation of his students to him. Each class that came under his tutelage was only another bunch of perennial Sam Greens who amused him even while they exasperated him, and whose pleasantries he would recollect with good humor many years afterward. To him, his students were a collection of precious young scalawags who, instead of reciting the lesson assigned to them, were often trying to substitute the weavings of their own imaginations. The truths in the text-book they would blandly ignore or misunderstand, and recite a lesson entirely of their own manufacture—which invariably resulted in the Doctor's "pummeling" of them with harder lessons and low marks.

Many is the time I have seen my classmates receive instructions to read such and such a book in English Literature, and seen them give an account of its contents which could never convince the professor that they had read it, however hard they swore to having read it. Many times, also, have the recitations in Logic taken on an aspect that reminds me of Sam Green's picturesque baseball myth. A question fired at my classmates would often go too far above their heads for them to comprehend it, and they would see failure coming toward them like a blue streak. In such cases, they would call bluff and bluster to assist, and, by soaring on the wings of imagination would try to reach the too lofty idea and transmit it on through bluff and bluster. And the venerable Doctor would be indeed put out by their answers in some such cases—entirely put out.

Let all honor be rendered to Dr. Hotchkiss by the thousand Sam Greens who have had the pleasure of learning under him. He was one of the most human and kindly of teachers, and withal so much the scholar that to be instructed by him was a privilege that everyone should prize. He has departed, after his long sojourn in Gallaudet College, but I believe he will remain there longer, much longer, as a tradition in the minds of the alumni and undergraduates.

Books are the light-houses erected in the great sea of time.—
E. P. Whipple.



READING ROOM OF GALLAUDET COLLEGE

Industrial Department

Edited by Thomas J. Blake

[With this issue of the **Silent Worker** the Industrial Department is rejuvenated at the suggestion and under the guidance of the Editor. It is nothing new. Many years ago the Business Manager, Geo. S. Porter, ran such a department in this paper which was very interesting. Stress of duties forced him to discontinue. We are going to try and carry the responsibilities that Mr. Porter dropped. We do not know if we can, but we are going to try. Our aim will be to make the Industrial Department of the **Silent Worker** of interest to all its readers; helpful to the deaf along industrial lines; to diffuse propaganda pertaining to the deaf in industrial circles; to get successful deaf artisans and skilled workmen to tell of their experience and of their work. One of our most important and supreme tasks will be devoted to trying to get every deaf man to learn a trade and to learn it well. A deaf man without a trade is like our Indians who are educated and bask in the glory of athletics and books and refinements, only to go back to their wigwams after graduation. The deaf are somewhat similar. They go thru school and college and get a smattering of some trade and may be well educated and get a degree. But without a trade where do they land. They are often found using a pick and shovel or holding down a menial clerical job or working in our large factories. What's the use of spending so much money and time if such is the case? More care and attention must be given to the industrial education of the deaf. The deaf come into close contact with the hearing public after they leave school and college. If they are not good and competent workmen all the efforts and aims of the N. A. D. and of all those working in behalf of the deaf will amount to naught, as the deaf themselves will counteract all such influence for good, as we are sized up for what we do and can do and the results therefore, not by what we want to do or are going to do.

This department will try to be instructive as well as constructive. Our motto shall be a "Trade for Every Deaf Man."—Editor.]

IT AIN'T ALWAYS WHAT YOU ARE TOLD

 RECENTLY, while reading "Thoughts As They Come" by Mr. Brady in the November **Silent Worker**, and especially his remarks concerning Linotyping as a profession, I was reminded of an article I read some time ago in *The Jewish Deaf*, written by Mr. Pleasant, instructor in printing at the Wisconsin School for the Deaf, and on the same subject.

Mr. Brady takes a very intelligent view of the situation, both in his linotyping and other comments. His column serves to balance the soul-stuff of Mr. Pulver, which is very good, but leaves us gasping, and the outpourings of the awful and irrepressible Jimmy Meagher.

While I cannot find the *Jewish Deaf* article written by Mr. Pleasant, just now, I remember that the sense of it was that linotyping stood high as a trade for the deaf; the demand was enormous; it was a "dead cinch" after a little keyboard practice; that outside of "five safety stops" to be learned, the machine would run itself; and when it would not an accommodating machinist would come a-running; and, besides, in lots and lots of shops the operator wasn't allowed to touch the insides at all. The rest of his article was taken almost bodily from a linotype text book.

Before I start out, I would like to say that in my opinion any teacher of the deaf who allows the idea to get around that he thinks it is easy to make a living and to succeed in any trade, should be caught instantaneously, convicted, and sentenced to make his own living, right out in the cold world outside of the school walls for the period of one full year (which I think would be severe enough) and not be reinstated until he can show an affidavit from his em-

ployer that he is at least "reasonably good," and likewise an affidavit that he has supported himself by that trade alone during the entire time. This, I think, would cut a heavy swath in the ranks of those cheerful persons who, having a good school job, are inclined to disseminate Pollyanna propaganda concerning how it is outside.

It is all very well to encourage pupils, but not to convey the impression to them—especially those who will be handicapped through life—that any thing is, in any way, easy, nor that they are fitted to step into a full job at once immediately after leaving school. The school has given them a start—more or less, according to how thorough and serious it has been about its instruction—work and experience will carry the boys through later.

The cheerful Mr. Pleasant doubtless has the idea the neophyte in the linotyping field after leaving school, at once is tendered a position in some big office. This can happen, but not so often. The big places are "speed merchant" places as a rule—that is, the "ops" are supposed to be fast and clean. In that the company is justified. It provides the latest machines, plenty of material; and employs a machinist to so many machines, who does nothing else. Therefore they expect a man to be, or to develop into, a "swift."

Even should a deaf beginner land a job in a big plant, and manage to hang on to it, it is not so good either. The chances are that he will be kept on one body and measure, and generally same copy, and as he has a machinist to look after him, he learns nothing. He pounds and pounds and pounds and gets nowhere.

The usual procedure, however, is for the beginner to start in and work up from the "dumps," where machinists are NOT provided, but where they are not so finicky as to speed and kind of work turned out. No matter how much he has learned in school here he will have trouble just the same. On the various old "mills" he busts the mats; he digs the squirts; burns his hands and lets the pot freeze; he gets "bawled out" for tight lines and afterwards for "hairlines." There are lots and lots of things the instruction book does not mention, and lots and lots of things he did not meet in school. He eventually will arrive, but it is not so easy and it does take time.

It is useless for any person, deaf or otherwise, to take up the linotype without a good education. Like in hand printing, it is a line of industry where bluff cannot get by. The output is seen at once, and the proofs show every "boner" up. For those with a good education, practice and work will make it easier, but not easy. Even old operators occasionally pause and scowl at copy.

Linotyping is a good trade, but if there is nothing to it but some keyboard fingering and the ability to gracefully drop another "pig" into the pot, why then is it—

That in days of wage reductions, operators manage to keep their present high wage scales, and even, in many instances, have it raised?

Employers do not take over a whole battalion of high school boys and girls and turn them loose on the trade after a little work in keyboard fingering.

That if the mechanical end is so easy, a machinist is detailed to look after a limited number of machines, and that a machinist is a busy man.

That "operators wanted" continues to run even with the great number of linotype schools.

That to "operators wanted" is added "experienced men wanted; no boomers or keyboard graduates."

That lino operators are generally a nervous and "high strung" bunch.

WHY—Oh, well, IT IS NOT SO EASY.

GRAND JUNCTION, COLORADO.

JAMES H. QUINN.

The Writer's Workshop

The Author's Tools


 EVERYONE who attempts to write, even those who attempt to read, no matter how well educated they are, must have the necessary tools. A carpenter may be able to build a house with a hatchet and a saw, but he must either build a very poor house or waste a great deal of valuable time. The most essential tools for the author, or even for one who reads, are books of reference. A dictionary is probably the most essential. Of these, undoubtedly the best one for general purposes is the Winston Simplified which has long been advertised in the Silent Worker and which has been sold in connection with combination subscriptions. The John C. Winston Company of Philadelphia, also publish a primary edition which is a somewhat abbreviated from the other but which is not as desirable for general use. This dictionary is for handy reference. The International Unabridged Dictionary is also essential for those who want more detailed information. Such a dictionary is published by Merriam and Company of Hartford and can be secured at any bookstore. For use in schools for the deaf, nothing has been found that will take the place of the Winston Simplified Dictionary. In addition to a dictionary, the reader or writer will need an up-to-date atlas. Some of these atlases are large and cumbersome. Some of the best ones are published by Rand & McNally and Cran. They can be secured at any bookstore. The Winston Company also publishes a loose-leaf Atlas which is very good. It is kept up-to-date by them. Putnam publishes an Atlas known as Putnam's Handy Volume Atlas of the World, which is a good desk book. It is a convenient size and easy reference. Some writers of the past have said that if they were only allowed three books they would choose a bible, a dictionary, and an atlas. In addition to these essentials which take the place of the hammer, saw, and chisel in the carpenter's chest is Allen's Synonyms and Antonyms published by Harper Brothers. This is the very latest book on synonyms and is valuable to everyone who handles words. It contains thousands of words not given in any other word book. It defines clearly the most important and less easily understood distinction between words. Some writers prefer the Rogert's Thesaurus, the new and large type edition, regular book of synonyms, the analysis of words and expressions in the English language according to their ideas. This analysis is indexed like an ordinary dictionary. Often a writer has an idea but cannot recall the exact word to express that idea. By looking up a similar word representing that idea in the index, he will be referred to several chapters which will contain all of the words and expressions relating to that idea. If a writer purchases this book he must be sure it is large type edition and has thumb index.

C. Putnam & Sons publish a series of books for ready reference. Among these is Putnam's Word Book which contains lists of related words. They are not ~~synonyms~~. They may not have the same idea as in Thesaurus, but they are lists of associated words. These lists are indexed so that it is easy to locate any group of associated words. No definitions are given. It is simply a book to assist the author in securing the exact word he wants. It is taken for granted that the author knows the meanings and distinctions of the associated words.

Denvergrams

By J. C. NASH

The Denver population of deaf which runs close to 300 were thrown into a chasm of awe when it became known that one of their number, a Mrs. Ray Haldeman of 2440 Fifteenth Street, 44 years old and the mother of seven children ranging from five to twenty-five years old attempted to take her life by swallowing Iodine Monday, November 13, last but was saved through the timely arrival of one of the police surgeons who was summoned by a nearby neighbor after one of the little Haldeman children had called her attention of the mother's act. It appears that disagreements arose with her husband, a hearing man, over their oldest daughter's conduct of keeping late hours of nights from the home caused the rash act. At this writing Mrs. Haldeman has sufficiently recovered to be up and apparently regretting her uncalled-for attempt at self-destruction.

The out-of-door entertainments have been discontinued for the winter and the indoor gatherings are being held. Several of such have already taken place recently with a goodly attendance. The one given Saturday night, November 18 was seasoned with much merriment including comic performances galore but the most surprising part was the drawing by number a fine fifteen pound gobbler, owned by D. H. Wolpert and the winning number being held by no other than his wife, Mrs. D. H. Wolpert. As far as the writer could discern it was a straight draw with no strings attached, hence the lucky lady is congratulated. A fine hand-made "crazy quilt," made by the ladies of the Liberty Club was won by a Mrs. Black of North Denver, a hearing person, who said beforehand that she was plumb crazy to win that beautiful coverlet and she did. A frosted cake made and baked by Mrs. Frank Lessley was won by Mrs. Roland Tansey who took much pride in exhibiting it but declined to cut it and distribute it to the many lovers of cake.

Horace Grace, the congenial secretary of the local Frats is beginning to take on flesh as well as weight since he started on a job that requires muscle to handle and is knocking 'em dead as fast as they come his way—the planks—which he is compelled to handle during the eight hours called a day's work. Mrs. Grace, his devoted and pretty wife says Horace is a real dear.

John S. Fisher, liked and disliked but always in the right as far as pushing the Frat association toward the top goes is making elaborate preparations for a Bazaar to be held next month, December 30 and what Jack does is not done by halves, so all those wishing to participate in a rollicking affair should bear in mind that John is going to pull it through successfully and those attending are guaranteed a "time of their lives." Come strong and bring a fat purse as there's going to be a van of odds and ends, ranging from wool socks to diamond Lavaliers unloaded at the hall on California Street of the evening of December 30 and to add to its activity a bevy of pretty girls will attach themselves to the doings.

Harry Metcalfe, better known among his friends as the "Champion Sausage Maker," employed at the stockyards has run into several bad accidents of late. The most recent one almost deprived him of his fourth finger of his right hand, having accidentally jammed the member into the sausage mill which he was operating with choice cube-like cuts of pork. The result was a lay-off of three weeks and a big doctor's bill, but for all that bad luck he and

his wife and the year old cherub that Harry is devotedly attached were among the big crowd at the party the 18th of November.

To add toward the pleasure among those attending the party of Saturday night, the 18th was the mingling of a dozen or more youngsters, children of deaf parents who took as much interest in the doings as the grown-ups.

They were constantly rubbing it in with their childish pranks to the delight of all. Among them were two of Mr. and Mrs. L. Skehan, three of Mr. and Mrs. Horace Grace, two of Mr. and Mrs. Harvat, two of Mr. and Mrs. John Fisher, one of Mrs. Laughran, babies in arms of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Metcalfe, Mr. and Mrs. Roland Tansey and several other chubby fondlings of deaf parents. All of the little ones were real patient during the five hours of the party.

Phil Axling, who joined the Denver deaf population several months ago has folded his tent and silently disappeared like the Arab of the night with no apparent good reason and it would please several who trusted him to know his whereabouts.

Miss Grace Lessley, the charming and pretty 16-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lessley residing in their beautiful home in North Denver graced the columns of the society section of the Denver News last week with her photograph along side two other charming young ladies. Miss Lessley is a hearing girl, but both her parents are deaf. She is to render several selections of music in a solo class at one of the Denver high schools in the near future and we predict for Miss Grace a successful undertaking.

No. 64 has ordered another large package of lead pencils which are advertising the 1927 convention for Denver, Colorado.

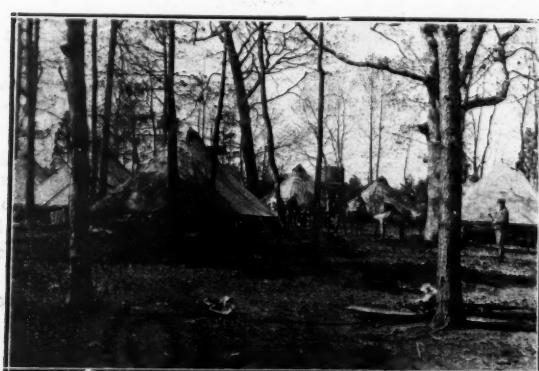
Domnick Piccone, a promising young deaf man, died of Typhoid fever at his home in Durango, Colorado, Oct. 30. He was last employed on the Montrose Enterprise.

F. H. Quinn, who married Miss G. Studt, formerly an employe of the *SILENT WORKER* is now employed on the Grand Junction *Sentential* as a linotype operator and is making good.

Play all for each and each for all.

Exercise enables us to retain that most elusive thing—youth.

"A laugh is the most magnetic thing on earth." Exercise keeps us merry.



CAMP GALLADUET

Types of Children of Deaf Parents



MRS. AGNES O'BRIEN AHL
Daughter of John F. O'Brien, of New York City.



A. L. PACH PHOTO.
S. DORRIS FAULPEL
Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Faulpel, Frederick, Md.

NADFRATIES

By J. F. MEAGHER



*I've tootled and tootled with vigor and vim
My little tin trumpet extolling each "him."
So now, for fair-play, let me praise—if you
please—
A bevy of bonnie and beauteous "shes."*

Chicago claims as residents more prominent deaf men than any other locality. That much is well known. That Chicago also has innumerable lovely ladies may not be so well known. Therefore permit a paper-introduction to "Six of Chicago's Silent Sunbeams"—just a few samples of the swarm of sweet, superb, shapely, spirited single suffragists.

Ladies, permit me to present my friend, the reader, who seems rather interested. Reader, meet these dainty damsels. No, not spelled "dam sells." No, no, never! You surprised me!

Having now been properly introduced, proceed:

Miss Geraldine Gibbons is a slim, accomplished brunette possessing any degree of hearing. Doing clerical work by day, she spent her evenings taking a night course in typing at Austin High School, Chicago—completing it along with one or two other deaf girls. For a combination of beauty, brains, breeding and sheer companionability, the Watts sisters are hard to beat. (Her sister Gladys is one of dozens of young beauties who "promise" of a press-photo was unfortunately procrastinated over press-time.)

Miss Charlotte is the only one in the group "spoken for;" her engagement was announced Labor Day to Armand Ronstadt, a well-to-do deaf business man of Tucson, Arizona, who spent three years in the University of that state.

Miss Adele Williams attended the Atlanta frat convention, 1921, "all by her lonesome." Like Tennyson's bubbling brook, never able to keep quiet, must be forever effervescently in motion. Her merry moods evidently came to the astute observation of Publisher Porter, with the result he ran several photos of her in this magazine following Atlanta. (Moral: Pretty girls should always smile their sweetest when editors and reporters are around.) Miss Adele is reputed the best wage-earner of any Chicago silent woman. Working as a super-skilled garment-cutter, she made as high as \$65 weekly during the period of war-time wages—and still makes far more than the average deaf man.

Miss Geraldine Gibbons is a slim, accomplished brunette beauty of the waving willow type, in great demand for amateur dramatics—in which she evinces marked ability. Sprightly skater and divine dancer. Seems able to do at least a little bit of everything the heroines of film and fiction do. Some even claim she can sing and play the piano. The accompanying photo was considered so good when entered in the state beauty contest a year ago, that the Sunday-Tribune gave it a quarter-page reproduction in its Rotogravure section. Miss Gibbons is an Ephphetan, employed in a millinery establishment.

The Yanzito sisters are vivid little Italians with eyes dark as Neopolitan nights when Vesuvius smoulders and glows. Miss Elizabeth is an inspector and Miss Marie a winder in the plant of the Automatic Electric Co. Both are prominent in Ephphetan circles. Miss Marie is a chubby, cheerful, diminutive rubber ball: her slightly taller sister is more dignified and impressive.

Miss Mary Stein is a newcomer in Chicago, having been a freshman at the University of Wisconsin last year. Like the Yanzito sisters and Miss Watts, she is under five-foot-three,

built in just the right proportions, and possessing a pleasant and demure disposition. Performs clerical work.

All six ladies are members of the auxiliary of the Silent Athletic Club. Ages 19 to 30, I understand. Mentally over average. As to looks—if you don't "fall for the fotos" blame it on the engraver or the printer.

: : :
*Our brothers' children shall not mope and pine,
Nor sit in sorry silences because
Their hands are empty: they shall never whine
"There 'aint no Santy Claus."*

As every Yuletide season nears, each frat division might well ascertain what children of departed brothers are in its environs and see that on Christmas morning each child gets some token—be it ever so small. Neither size nor price count so much as the spirit of the gift. The young one may be well provided for, but even a *wee* remembrance from the brothers of its dead father will mellow all the day for it. And—what is better—it will cement stronger the tie that binds, will give that human touch which makes us more forbearing towards each other.

Who knows: YOUR child may be needing a small Christmas token next year.

: : :
*Pt but some bauble in its baby-hands
In tender tribute to the brothers that
Have gone before us unto other lands.
Prove there's a Santa yet.*

They have finally put John W. Worthington on trial. "A genius gone wrong," the Pinkerton operatives call him. The super-Ponzi. He is alleged to have succeeded in filching millions from the credulous in the past few years.

"But how does that concern Nad-frats?" you will wonder. Listen, then. It is a good joke.

When I quit teaching and came East to hunt fame and fortune late in 1917, I advertised in the Situations wanted column of a large Chicago daily that a "Printer-Editor, very deaf, etc. Among the replies was one on expensive bond paper without printed letterhead, hand-written and signed with initials, asking me to call at a certain suite in one of the loop skyscrapers for an interview, as "possibly one of your scope and attainments may attain lucrative remuneration."

There was no firm-name on the glass door of the suite designated. The interior was impressive. On the walls were pictures, maps and blue-prints of various mining companies—all plainly marked with mellifluous names which I had never seen listed on any reputable stock quotation board. Looming in the midst of a magnificent rug—dignified, massive and alone—was a lion-like personage.

He had a face any man could trust. Or any woman also. The face of a banker, poet and philosopher in one. Hot dog! Some face, I'll tell the world!

Yet why the expensive lay-out on the theatrically strategic property-plot—with no regard for the angle of light falling on the desk—and the unheard-of names on the pictures of big mines in active operation? Somehow I didn't exactly like it. All this sank in and was absorbed as I walked up and handed over his letter and my card.

The grand personage took them in that condescending, "you are the best friend I have in the world" manner which ruined so many suckers. He gave the card one look.

His massive frame was suddenly galvanized with shock! A momentary muscle-play and the arch-swindler controlled



himself. The sunshine of Arden again illumined his leonine countenance, radiant with all the convincing honesty of J. Rufus Wallinford. "What does this mean?" He beamed, pointing to the corner of my card.

I followed his finger. Then flushed. Then laughed—a laugh in which he joined.

He didn't seem at all eager to secure my services after that shock. And I wasn't at all eager to examine his proposition.

I had almost forgotten the incident until the papers recently carried the first pictures of this Prince of Ponzi's they had ever been able to secure, it is said.

Land o' Goshen, 'twas indeed him! A blind bat couldn't mistake that august countenance.

The IMPOSTOR BUREAU had accosted one of Arch-Impostors of the financial world.

Pure accident, of course; but I doubt if up to the time the final indictment was returned, this likable old rogue ever had such a sudden scare.

And to think he had innocently picked on me — Nesemis of Impostorism — to peddle his punk securities (or "insecurities") around Deafdom.

And suppose I had been sap enough to snap at the bait.

Wouldn't it have been the cat's whiskers:

But the N. A. D. is Impostor-proof.

Are you a Nad? If not, why not?

*Hark! The stock-shark heralds bring
Christmas greetings. Let them sing!
Their carols turn to wrath and woe—
They cannot cop us deaf men's dough.*

William LaMotte, of Chicago, is always happy—but never so happy as now. Recently he lost another finger, manicuring it on a buzz saw at his shop. Or rather lost a little piece of it—there is still part of a finger-nail growing at the end. This caused only three days loss of time from work, he has just received final "compensation" of \$210.

Will some kind soul please lead a picked force of struggling poets, pugs, pests and publishers to up to a nice, quiet, friendly buzz-saw. Stand in line, men; you simply must stand in line, and quitcher shovin'.

*Little chunks of finger,
Little buzzing saw,
Make the dollars linger—
By "com-pen-say-shun" law.*

THE POET

In the darkness he sings of the dawning.
In the desert he sings of a rose
Or of limpid and laughing water
That thro green meadows flows.

He flings a Romany ballad
Out thro his prison bars
And, deaf, he sings of nightingales
Or, blind, he sings of stars.

And hopeless and old and forsaken,
At last with failing breath
A song of faith and youth and love
He sings at the gates of death.

—Mary Sinton Leitch.

WOULD NEVER FORGIVE HIMSELF

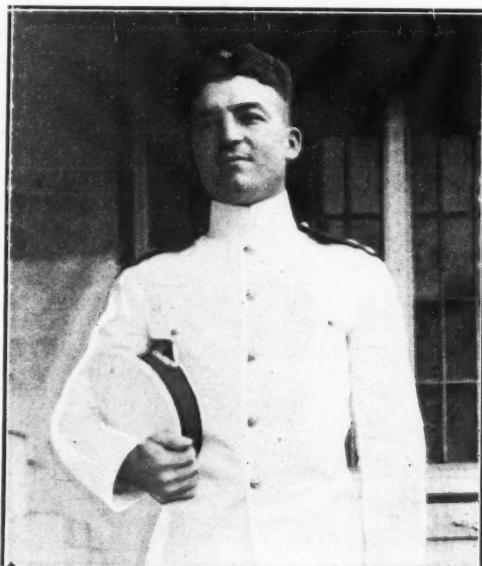
Please find enclosed my check for \$2.00 to renew my subscription to the SILENT WORKER for another year.

Nearly forgot to send it and would never forgive myself if I had. Find it a most excellent paper and only wish it was a daily or weekly instead of a monthly.

MENOMINEE, MICH.

HARRY A. WHITEMORE.

Lieutenant Charles Owen Comp U. S. N.



CHARLES OWEN COMP

Last May we received the following invitation:

*The Class of
One thousand nine hundred and twenty-two
United States Naval Academy
requests the honour of your presence
at the Graduation Exercises
on Friday the second of June
one thousand nine hundred and twenty-two
at ten o'clock
Dahlgren Hall
United States Naval Academy
Annapolis Maryland*

Enclosed was the sender's card:

CHARLES OWEN COMP

Midshipman United States Navy

The young Annapolis graduate, at the wedding of whose parents we officiated, and whom we baptized as a little child, has since received his commission as a Lieutenant in the U. S. Navy and assigned to the Battle Ship "Florida" stationed in New England waters.

Lieut. Comp is the son of Charles E. and Eva (Owen) Comp, both graduates of the Illinois School at Jacksonville, both former teachers of the deaf, and long time residents of Omaha where they always have occupied a prominent position and taken a leading part in the affairs of the deaf. This future Admiral and presidential possibility is the first son of deaf parentage to graduate from the U. S. Naval Academy. No such distinction has yet been won for West Point.

The Register of the Omaha High School from which Mr. Comp graduated contains the following entry, which attests his

great popularity among his mates and the affectionate regard they entertain for him:

"We believe if Owen were president of the United States he'd be a real friend to every one. He is a man that's worth much more than his weight in gold."

While at Annapolis Mr. Comp was prominent in cadet activities, was cheer leader, and especially excelled in work in the gymnasium in which he won glory for the Academy and trophies for himself.

He is quite proficient in the use of the sign-language.

J. H. Clous.

The Ethics of Journalism

In the latest issue of the "Jewish Deaf," Isaac Goldberg came out in favor of that periodical, evidently because an article of his, which had been rejected by other papers, but now somewhat pruned and modified from its original context, had been accepted for publication.

His grievance against the JOURNAL and the *Silent Worker* is that they declined to publish an outbreak from his pen in which he classes oral teachers as "oral ringsters," and questions the integrity of the Vice-President of the United States.

The Clark School at Northampton, Mass., sent out a circular letter of appeal for contributions to an endowment fund for that school. Unfortunately, or overzealously, the framer of the appeal, inserted the very untruthful and very objectionable statement that by the oral method the deaf were lifted from the stone age of the sign-language to the civilized status of hearing and speaking humanity—or words to that effect. The JOURNAL has published resolutions denouncing such a misleading and slanderous statement. The Journal has also published letters of polite protest, and the polite, though inadequate, replies to them.

But we take the ground that Calvin Coolidge, in lending his name to the committee that signed these letters of appeal had no intention or desire to be unjust to the deaf. He probably consented to the use of his name by Mrs. Coolidge, who at one time was a teacher at the Northampton School. And the signature is simply the gentleman's name and does not contain the words "Vice-President of the United States." There is nothing to indicate his high official station.

Another matter to gravely consider is that the teachers at the Northampton School are not "oral ringsters." They are devoted, well-meaning, accomplished ladies, who are wearing out their heads and hearts in the endeavor to give speech, lip-reading, and an education, to the deaf children sent to their school. Most of them, if not all of them, know practically nothing about the sign-language and the American manual alphabet. Some of them no doubt believe that the manual alphabet and the sign-language are one and the same thing.

Mr. Goldberg objects to having his articles censored. In other words, he would deny the editor of a paper his official prerogative. If the *Jewish Deaf* will allow him to usurp its editorial functions, in order to show that it is "free and untrammeled," it will only prove to the deaf that it is weak and vacillating.

Isaac Goldberg is a fair writer but a much better chemist, and as a "mixer," or associate of the deaf, his record is very feeble indeed, which probably accounts for his intolerant views of things that vitally affect their welfare. If he were to meet and mingle with his fellow deaf more frequently, his occasional incursions into the literary field would lose some of their brusqueness and arrogance and be better balanced and broader.

The greatest man is he who chooses right with invincible resolution and who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully.—*Channing.*

National Association of the Deaf

Atlanta, Ga.

AUG. 13--18, 1923

Your route should be Seaboard Air Line Railway

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The Buff and Blue

a college magazine

Published by the Undergraduates
of

Gallaudet College

The only college for the Deaf
in the world

The Buff and Blue is a literary publication containing short stories, essays, and verse, contributed by students and Alumni. The Athletics, Alumni and Local departments and the Kappa Gamma Fraternity notes are of great interest to those following Gallaudet activities.

Every deaf person should be a reader of the Buff and Blue. Subscription \$1.25 a year.

Gallaudet College
Washington, D. C.

Who's Who in the Deaf World

Names will be printed alphabetically as they come from month to month and when completed the list will be turned over to a National Committee who will recommend such persons as deserve of a place in the WHO'S WHO book which we are planning to publish in the near future. We hope those who have failed to furnish us with data about themselves will not delay any longer than can be helped. If your name is omitted it will not be our fault. We wish to be informed of any error discovered in the list in this magazine so that we can make the corrections for the book.

LAUGHLIN, CHAUNAY H. Born Feb. 4, 1889, at Kansas City, Mo. Instructor in Cabinet-making and Poultry raising at the Kansas School for the Deaf. Olathe. Poor speaker and lipreader; excellent signmaker. Attended Missouri School for the Deaf, 1897-1908. Member National Fraternal Society of the Deaf. Lost hearing at three years gradually (total). Has five deaf relatives. Married in 1912, to Lillie Christian (deaf). Has one hearing child. Wife was educated at the Missouri School for the Deaf. He was employed at cabinet-making from 1908 to 1920; in 1920 appointed instructor in cabinet-making at the Olathe School; has been raising poultry as a side line—very profitable; is teaching it in addition to other duties at the school.

HANSON, AGATHA TIEGEL. Born Sept. 14, 1873, at Pittsburgh, Pa. Attended St. Mary's Academy, Pittsburgh, one year; Western Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf, two years; Gallaudet College, spinal meningitis. Married Olof Hanson, July, 1899, and has three hearing daughters. Was first woman to complete full course at Gallaudet. Taught six years at the Minnesota School for the Deaf, Faribault, and was also girls' gymnasium teacher and editor of the Children's Page of the Companion during that time. Is a member of Christ Episcopal Church and belongs to the Women's Auxiliary and Guild in that church. Belongs to various deaf societies, both national and local and to the Coterie, a literary club of hearing ladies of the University District of Seattle.

HESLEY, AUGUSTUS. Born Jan. 1, 1865. Photographer. Home address: 345 Alameda Boulevard, Coronado, Cal. Fair speaker, lip reader and signmaker. Attended New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf, 1874-1876; Rochester School for the Deaf, 1876-1888. Member El Sordo Club of San Diego, Cal. Lost hearing at two from brain fever (total). No deaf relatives. Married July 8, 1915, to Ruth Curtiss (deaf), sister of Glenn Curtiss, the noted aviator. Has held the following positions: Instructor of Photo-engraving at the Rochester School for the Deaf, 1900-1901; supervisor and instructor at the Oregon School, 1901-1907; supervisor and instructor of photo-engraving at the School for the Deaf, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada, 1907-1915; assistant to official photographers for the Curtiss Aero & Motor Co., Buffalo, N.Y., 1915-1917 and similar position with Curtiss Engineering Co., Garden City, L.I., 1917-1919.

HOWARD, HERBERT. Born July 24, 1849, at East Aurora, Erie Co., N.Y. Janitor and lawn gardener for about twenty private families. Home address: 1460 East 57th St., Chicago, Ill. Cannot speak nor lip read; excellent signmaker. Attended (does not give name of school) school 1861-1873. Member National Association of the Deaf; Pas-a-Pas Club; Chicago Chapter Illinois Association; Epworth League; Social member National Fraternal Society of the Deaf. Lost hearing at four from scarlet fever. Bachelor. Has held the following positions: farm hand, six months; private tutor, four years; supervisor and sub-teacher at the Rochester School for the Deaf, three years; regular teacher at Flint, four years; clerk in a casket manufacturing Company, three months, and in the County clerk's office, six months; janitor and lawn gardener, from April 1886, to the present date (35 years).

HOWARD, JAY COOKE. Born in 1872, at Superior, Wisconsin. Real Estate, Insurance, Mortgage Loans, Providence Building, Duluth, Minn. Home address: 4632 London Road, Duluth, Minn. Excellent speaker; fair lip reader; excellent signmaker. Attended Minnesota School for the Deaf, Faribault, 1881-1889; Gallaudet College, 1890-1895. Member American Bankers' Association; National Association Real Estate Boards; National Association Building Managers; National Association Insurance Underwriters; Insurance Federation of Minnesota; Minnesota Realty Association; Duluth Board of Realtors; Old Settlers' Association; Chamber of Commerce; Elks Club; Duluth Boat Club, Sportsman's Club of Minnesota; National Association of the Deaf; National Fraternal Society of the Deaf; Minnesota Association of the Deaf and others. Lost hearing at seven from meningitis (total). No deaf relatives. Married three times; first wife dead; second wife hearing; third wife hearing (recovered her deafness). Has six hearing children—three by first wife and three by second wife. Has been President of N. A. D.; President of G. C. A. A.; President of Minnesota A. D.

INSCO, WALTER. Printer with Bentonville Democrat, Bentonville, Arkansas. Cannot speak nor lip read; signs. Attended Arkansas School for the Deaf, Little Rock, 1890-1899. Member National Fraternal Society of the Deaf. Born deaf (total). No deaf relatives. Married, 1920, to Georgia Sly (deaf).

JACKSON, HARRY VINTON. Born June 22, 1888, at West Lafayette, Indiana. Foreman machine shop, with Esterline Electric Co., Indianapolis. Lives at 811 North Jefferson Ave., Indianapolis. Excellent speaker, lip reader and signmaker. Attended public schools; Indiana School for the Deaf, 1899-1906; Purdue University, 1906-1908. Member National Fraternal Society of the Deaf; Illinois Association of the Deaf; The Sycamores. Lost hearing at two and a half, from scarlet fever (total). Married June 22, 1911, to Bertha Tuckey (deaf). Has one hearing child (one deaf). President Division N. F. S. D. No. 22; Secretary J. A. D. Sec. Ind. Division No 22; delegate to Grand Division, 1918; Member Grand Division Ritual Committee; Vice President The Sycamores. Built up and held a Bible Class

at the Meridian Street M. E. church in Indianapolis. An all around booster and a leader in everything calculated to help the deaf.

JENKINS, ISABEL VANDEWATER. Born January 29, 1849, Albany, N.Y. Retired teacher of the Deaf. Home address: 208 West Thompson St., Rome, N.Y. Excellent speaker; fair lip reader; excellent signmaker. Attended Public school in Schenectady, N.Y., two years in small private school after losing hearing; seven years at Fanwood (Washington Heights) New York City. Member Alabama Gallaudet College Club, president one year. Lost hearing at nine from scarlet fever (total). No deaf relatives. Married in 1872, to Weston Jenkins (hearing). Has had four hearing children—one deaf; five hearing grandchildren. Her husband was an educator. He was Principal of the New Jersey school from 1883 to 1899; Assistant Principal in the Alabama School for the Deaf, Talladega, from 1901 to 1914. She taught three years in the Fanwood School and fourteen years in the Alabama School. She graduated from the Fanwood School in 1867, being honor graduate, receiving the gold medal. Took three years' course in the High Class; one year extra in Normal School studies. Her family have been Americans for 200 years, but were originally from England and Holland.

JOHNSON, FRANK A. Born in 1877, at Chicago, Ill. Record Clerk, with the Central Electric Co., Chicago. Lives at 4829 W. Lake St. Cannot speak or lip read; excellent signmaker. Attended Illinois School for the Deaf, 1885-1897; Gallaudet College, 1898-1903. Member Pas-a-Pas Club of Chicago; National Association of the Deaf; Illinois Association of the Deaf; Illinois Alumni Association of the Deaf; Gallaudet Alumni Association. Lost hearing at four from brain fever (total). Ledgerman, 1908-1916; Record clerk since 1919. Boys' supervisor at Iowa School for the Deaf, 1904-1908. Twice President of Pas-a-Pas Club, Chicago; once Secretary of the Illinois Association of the Deaf; has served on the committees of the mentioned associations many times.

JOHNSON, JACK. Born in 1882, at McCrory, Ark. Carpenter at same place. Cannot speak or lip read; signs. Attended Arkansas School for the Deaf, 1893-1904. Member National Association of the Deaf; Arkansas Association of the Deaf. Lost hearing at two, from spinal meningitis. No deaf relatives. Married in 1920, to Cora Leechy, (deaf).

JOHNSON, ROSE ALVIN. Born July 1, 1891, at Tillers Cross Roads, Ala. Printer with Blosser-Williams Co., Atlanta, Georgia. Lives in Marietta, Ga. Cannot speak or lip read; excellent signmaker. Attended Alabama School for the Deaf, 1900-1909. Member National Fraternal Society of the Deaf; National Association of the Deaf. Born deaf. Has one deaf relative. Married Dec. 9, 1916, to Sarah Florence (deaf). Has one hearing child (one deaf). Wife attended Mt. Airy School. Has held following positions: Osce Roberts, Birmingham, 1910-1911; Byrd Printing Co., Atlanta, Ga., 1911-1916; Blosser Williams Co., Atlanta, Ga., 1917 to date (1922). Secretary Atlanta Division National Fraternal Society of the Deaf. Acts as foreman of his department in absence of regular foreman; has hearing printers under his direction.

JOHNSON, WILLIAM SEABORN. Born May, 1845, at Cave Spring, Ga. Retired teacher, Alabama School for the Deaf, Talladega. Home address: 122 Cherry St. Cannot speak or lip read; excellent signmaker. Attended Georgia School for the Deaf; Gallaudet College, one year, 1869. Member National Association of the Deaf; National Fraternal Society of the Deaf; Alabama Association of the Deaf. Was teacher in Alabama School for the Deaf from 1870 to 1913-43 years; was one of the leading sportsmen of Alabama; leader in deaf affairs in Alabama for 40 years.

JONES, FLORENCE H. Born Jan. 19, 1857, in Brooklyn, N.Y. Head supervisor of girls at the School for the Deaf in Flint, Michigan. (1893-1921) Educated at Fanwood and can use signs. Totally deaf, cause unknown. Parents are deaf. Member National Association of the Deaf, American Instructors of the Deaf and Fanwood Alumni Association.

JONES, GEORGE A. Born July 10, 1851, in St. Louis, Mo. Teacher, New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf, 1859-1872; New York City. Fair speaker; poor lip reader; excellent signmaker. Attended New York Institution for the Deaf, 1859-1872; has been teaching since 1872-46 years; President of the Men's Club Deaf; Men's Club of St. Ann's Church for the Deaf. Lost hearing at one from measles (total). No deaf relatives. Married July 3, 1878, to Kate Susan Hamilton (hearing). Has five hearing children. Wife was for five years tutor in New York Institution for the Deaf. He has been teaching since 1872-46 years; President of the Men's Club of St. Ann's Church three years, 1912-1915. Considered one of the greatest signmaker of his time. As an entertainer he has few equals. During his 46 years service he has given countless readings, always before appreciative audiences. A staunch supporter of every good cause pertaining to the welfare of his fellow deaf.

JONES, PERCY B. Born about fifty years ago (date unknown); Union Tailor, at Little Rock, Ark. Cannot speak or lip read; excellent signmaker. Member National Association of the Deaf; National

Fraternal Society of the Deaf. Born deaf (total). Has two deaf relatives. Married, 1914, to Lela Fisackery. Has one hearing child. Wife semi-mute with normal speech. Successful tailor. President Mississippi Association of the Deaf one term.

JUDGE, ALICE EMERALD. Born July 20, 1879, in New York City. Teacher, New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf, 99 Fort Washington Ave., New York City. Lives at the school. Poor speaker; fair lip reader; excellent signmaker. Attended New York Institution for the Deaf, 1885-1901. Member Woman's Parish Aid Society of St. Ann's church for Deaf-Mutes; National Association of the Deaf; Fanwood Alumni Association. Lost hearing at four and a half from scarlet fever (total). No deaf relatives. Supervisor of girls, 1901 (seven months); Assistant Matron, 1902-1920; teacher since September 1920.

KANEI, JOHN L. HENRY. Born April 12, 1871, at New Orleans, La. Printer with Searcy & Pfaff Printing Co. and Times-Picayune, New Orleans. Lives at 430 Solomon St. Fair speaker and lip reader; excellent signmaker. Attended German School, Norris County, Michigan, seven years; Louisiana School for the Deaf, Baton Rouge. Member National Fraternal Society of the Deaf. Born deaf (partial). No deaf relatives. Married October 31, 1902, to Henrietta Larrien (deaf). Has six hearing children; one hearing grandson. Has been with the same firm ever since leaving school.

KAUFMAN, FRED M. Born May 22, 1861, at Negaunee, Mich. Teacher in Michigan School for the Deaf, Flint. Lives at 708 Atwood St. Cannot speak or lip read; signs. Attended Michigan School for the Deaf, 1875-1885; Gallaudet College, 1885-1889. Member National Association of the Deaf; National Fraternal Society of the Deaf; Michigan Association of the Deaf. Lost hearing at three and a half years from measles (total). No deaf relatives. Married January 2, 1890, to Miss Rose Helen Moyer (deaf). Has five hearing children. Was supervisor of boys at the Michigan School for the Deaf, 1892-1906; teacher in same, 1908-1911, 1919. Has a family of wonderfully nice bright children, two of whom have been graduated from the State university.

KAUFFMAN, RAY MENEFEE. Born Feb. 5, —, in Page County, Virginia. Printer and works for Williams & Wilkins, Mt. Royal and Guilford Aves., Baltimore, Md. Attended the Virginia School for the Deaf and Blind, Staunton, Va. Became deaf when two years old from measles. Has one deaf relative. Member of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf and the National Association of the Deaf.

KECLERS, KENNETH. Born July 16, 1889, at New Orleans, La. Vulcanizer, with Lee Lee Vulcanizing Co., New Orleans. Lives at 2215 Burgundy St. Excellent speaker, lip reader and signmaker. Attended Louisiana School for the Deaf, Eaton Rouge, La. Member National Fraternal Society of the Deaf; Loyal Order of Moose; Y. M. C. C.; local professional baseball clubs. Born deaf (partial). Has one deaf sister. Married April 7, 1921, to Irene Dubret. Wife has one deaf sister. Worked at odd jobs until landed a job at Good Year Tire and Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio. Took a course in Vulcanizing in Akron, and opened a good sized vulcanizing shop, August 1920, doing good business. Pitcher for local baseball teams. Played for Cotton State League, 1911-1912; Dennison Texas League, 1913.

KEITH, JR., FRANK MUNROE. Born April 14, 1889, at Wetumpka, Ala. Employed at the Alabama School for the Deaf, Talladega. Home address: Montgomery, Ala. Fair speaker; lip reader and signmaker. Attended Alabama School for the Deaf, 1905-1909. Member National Association of the Deaf; National Fraternal Association of the Deaf. Does not know when or how became deaf. No deaf relatives.

KENT, GERTRUDE TURNER. Born Feb. 1, 1880, in Brooklyn, N. Y. Homemaker, 511 West 148th St., New York City. Cannot speak; poor lip reader; excellent signmaker. Attended New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf, 99 Fort Washington Ave., New York City. Member Women's Parish Aid Society, St. Ann's Church for the Deaf. Born deaf. No deaf relatives. Married October 9, 1907, to Rev. John H. Kent (deaf). Has two hearing children. Husband is pastor of St. Ann's Church for the Deaf. He is an honor graduate of the New York Institution for the Deaf.

KENT, REV. JOHN HENRY. Born June 27, 1879, in New York City. Clergyman, St. Ann's Church for the Deaf, 511 West 14th St., New York City. Good speaker; poor lip reader; excellent signmaker. Attended New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf, 99 Fort Washington Ave., New York City. Member National Association of the Deaf; National Fraternal Society of the Deaf. Lost hearing at eight from cerebro spinal meningitis (total). No deaf relatives. Married October 9, 1907, to Gertrude Turner (deaf). Has two hearing children. Curate of St. Ann's Church, 1908-1920; Vicar St. Ann's Church, 1921-to-date; missionary Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes in Diocese of New York, Long Island and Newark since 1907. Excellent entertainer. In great demand for readings and lectures.

KENNEY, TOM. Born in Vicksburg, Miss. Automobile worker in Detroit, Michigan. Speak but not lip read; excellent signmaker. Does not say what school he attended. Member National Association of the Deaf; National Fraternal Association of the Deaf. Does not know when lost hearing or cause. Totally deaf. No deaf relatives. Married (date unknown) to Ella Jones (deaf). Is well educated. Was Chairman of Detroit N.A.D. convention.

KEYS, JOHN FRANLIN. Born Feb. 12, 1862, at Jonesboro, Tenn. Linotype operator, with THE ADVERTISER, Montgomery, Ala. Lives at 316 Catoma St. Attended the Tennessee School for the Deaf, Knoxville. Lost hearing at two years from brain fever (total). Married Dec. 24, to Cornelia Cardinal. No children. Has been printer and linotype operator for the Montgomery Advertiser for twenty years; one of the oldest deaf linotypists in the United States.

KING, EMMA MACY. Born at Knightstown, Ind. Literate teacher, Arkansas School for the Deaf, Little Rock. Lives at the school. Fair speaker and lip reader; signs. Attended the Indiana School for the Deaf, Indianapolis. Lost hearing at seven year from

sickness (total). No deaf relatives. Has taught in the St. Louis Day School for the Deaf, Evansville, Ind. Day School for the Deaf and Arkansas School for the Deaf. Has "cultivated" the sign language until she has no equal among the deaf women of the country. Is a Christian Endeavor Worker of note. Has been teaching the deaf for thirty years. She and her husband own an orange grove in California and also considerable property in Little Rock.

KINSLEY, IDA B. Born Oct. 12, 1854, in Shelby County, Ind. Teacher at the Indiana School for the Deaf. Lives at Sheisyville, Ind. Cannot speak; poor lip reader; excellent signmaker. Attended Indiana State School for the Deaf, 1874-1883. Member Indiana Association of the Deaf; National Association of the Deaf; Indiana Home Association. Lost hearing at one from spotted fever (total). Member Board of Directors Indiana Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf.

KIRKLAND, PATRICK. Born Oct. 13, 1887, at Moulton, Ala. Ad-man and linotype operator, with Daily American, Albany, Ala. Lives at 703-3rd West. Can speak but not lip read; signs. Attended Alabama School for the Deaf, Talladega, 1895-1908. Member I. O. O. F. (honorary member), Columbia, Tenn., 1912. Partially deaf. Has a deaf sister. Married April 17, 1917, to Miss Gertie B. Morton (deaf). Has one hearing child. After leaving school he worked as a printer for the following concerns: Hartsville Enterprise, Hartsville, Ala., 1908-1911; Columbia Democrat, Columbia, Tenn., 1911-1914; Hunterville Telegram (daily), 1917-1919; Albany Decatur (daily), Albany, Ala., 1919 to date (1922).

KIRKLAND, MISS PETTIE LEE. Born October 13, at Moulton, Ala. Transit clerk, Tennessee Valley Bank, Decatur, Ala. Excellent speaker, lip reader and signmaker. Attended Alabama School for the Deaf, Talladega, 1894. Has one deaf relative. Can sew and cook, and use typewriter.

KNIGHT, FLORENCE MABEL. Born in 1863, at Gibson, La. Tobacco stripper, with Economical Cigar Co. Lives at 1129 Elysian Fields Ave., New Orleans, La. Cannot speak nor lip read; signs. Attended the Louisiana School for the Deaf at Baton Rouge. Born deaf. Has deaf relatives (number not stated). Married in 1901 to John S. Liner (deaf). Has three children (all hearing).

KNUTH, LAWRENCE WILLIAM. Born July 28, 1894, at Wheeling, W. Va. Bumper machinist, with Wheeling Can Co. Lives at 3640 Ewing St. Cannot speak nor lip read; fair signmaker. Attended West Virginia School for the Deaf and Blind, Romney, 1902-1910. Attended Ohio School for the Deaf, Columbus, 1910-1911. Member National Fraternal Society of the Deaf; Deaf Mute Guild; Wheeling Silent Club; St. Elizabeth Mission. Born deaf (partial). Worked in the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Plant at Akron, Ohio for a while, and found no place better than home. Can impersonate Charlie Chaplin.

KOHN, ANNA BONOFF. Born Dec. 25, 1886, at New Haven, Conn. Home address: 1915 Davidson St., New York City. Fair lip reader and speaker; signs. Attended American School for the Deaf at Hartford, Conn., 1894-1897; New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf, 1897-1906. Member National Association of the Deaf. Lost hearing at one from whooping cough. Married Dec. 1913, to Samuel Kohn (deaf). Has two children.

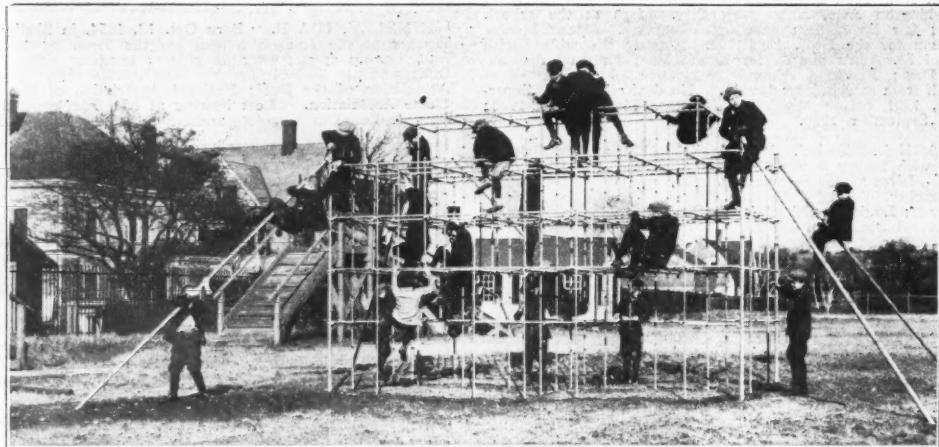
KOHN, SAMUEL. Born Dec. 25, 1886, in New York City. Proofreader, with J. J. Little & Ives Co., New York City. Home address: 1915 Davidson Ave., New York City. Excellent speaker; fair lip reader and signmaker. Attended New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf, 1897-1906; Gallaudet College, 1906-1908. Member National Association of the Deaf; Hebrew Congregation for the Deaf; Deaf-Mutes' Union League. Member New York Typographical Union No. 6. Lost hearing at nine from typhoid fever. Married Dec. 24, 1913, to Anna Bonoff (deaf). Has two children. Was teacher, of night school, Society for Welfare of Jewish Deaf (resigned); Recording Secretary, Hebrew Congregation of the Deaf, 1909-1911; proofreader in charge of printing department (now sold) of Charles William Store's mail order house, New York, for seven years; now proofreader for J. J. Little, reading high class book work on Standard Dictionary and Encyclopedia of Practical Quotations; and other job work; studied at Jewish Theological Seminary (N. Y.) for a year for work among Jewish deaf; assistant manager "Buff and Blue" while at Gallaudet; worked as compositor and linotype operator in Chicago and St. Louis during barnstorming days.

KRAUSE, DAVID H. Born Nov. 8, 1887, at Remini, Mont. Connected with Products Co., Mt. Vernon, Wash. Cannot speak nor lip read; signs. Attended Montana School for the Deaf, 1899; Washington School for the Deaf, Vancouver, 1906. Member National Fraternal Society of the Deaf; Washington State Association for the Deaf. Lost hearing at three years from whooping cough (partial). No deaf relatives. Married June 13, 1912, to Grace M. Pritchard (deaf). Has two children (hearing). Billing clerk and typist, 1910-1912; labeling operator and foreman, 1912-1922.

LAHASKY, MORRIS. Born October 6, 1895, at New Orleans, La. Shoe-repairer; partner with father at 205 Rampart Street. Lives at 924 Poydras St. Cannot speak nor lip read; signs. Attended Louisiana School for the Deaf at Baton Rouge, 1905-1908. Member National Fraternal Society of the Deaf. Lost hearing at three from scarlet fever and typhoid fever (total). No deaf relatives. Married September 26, 1920, to Frieda Stom (deaf). Secretary New Orleans Division N. F. S. D. for one term, 1919, and Trustee three years.

LANDON, FINLAY D. Born in Ontario, Canada. Cabinet-maker, with Garrison Furniture Co., Fort Smith, Ark. Fair speaker and lip reader; signs. Attended Arkansas School, 1890-1902. Lost hearing at seven from spinal meningitis. No deaf relatives. Has been layman of Baptist Bible Class of the deaf of his home city for many years.

LUBBEN, HENRY A. Born March 23, 1895, at Montpelier, Bear Lake, Idaho. General farming and stock raising at Casper Point, Ill., F. F. No. 1. Excellent speaker, fair lip reader and signmaker, to join the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf. Attended Public Schools until seventeen. Deafness came on gradually till at the age of twenty-two he became totally deaf, caused by scarlet fever. No deaf relatives.

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"It strikes me that you have made a very valuable contribution to the cause of physical training in general and play in particular."

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"It insures an all-around physical development under ideal play conditions."

C. W. WASHBURN,
Superintendent Public Schools,
Winnetka, Ill.

JUNGLEGYM
A Play Apparatus---Not An Amusement Device

Compiled by Kelly Stevens

When the weather conditions are right in season and out, Robert Sawyer, who has lived in Miami nearly all his life, is seen almost every week at one of the swimming pools. The fame of his fancy diving is spreading throughout the city and many of the beach goers stop to watch his wonderful stunts. His two deaf sisters, Fannie and Grace, are still living there and are in the enjoyment of excellent health.—*Florida Herald*.

According to the *Daytona Journal* of July 19th, O. M. Wehner, one of the group of painters working at the Casino Burgoine, fell from one of the tall scaffoldings and came out with apparently no injuries. The men were painting the ceiling of the Casino and Wehner stepped off a board into the air. Just how he escaped being seriously hurt is one of the things not understood, but it unnerved by-standers even more than the plucky fellow who took the air drive.—*Florida Herald*.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Taylor, of the Institution at Little Rock, Ark., made the trip to Kalamazoo, Mich., and return in their automobile, 926 miles each way, without an accident of any kind. That should be proof sufficient that the deaf are capable and careful drivers, well able to take care of themselves and of other people on the way, and are in no way a menace to pedestrians, to street traffic in general, or to property of other people. The deaf, on their general showing, have demonstrated that watchful eyes are better than hearing that is often unreliable amid a tumult of noise. If they are well posted on the rules of the road and good drivers, deafness alone should not debar them from a driver's license.—*Journal*.

NEW INSTRUCTOR

Mr. Geo. St. Clair, a 1918 graduate of the Fanwood, New York, School, has been appointed instructor of carpentry and cabinet-making. He arrived first part of this month from Trenton, New Jersey, where he had been pursuing a course in mechanical drawing at the New Jersey School for the Deaf and at once took up his duties. He comes well recommended and we are glad to secure his services, not only as our carpenter but also as a member of our undertakings along athletic lines.—*The Deaf Mississippian*.

A DEAF JAILOR

While motoring from Charlotte, N. C., to Durham, the party I was with had to pass through Pittsboro. There I met a lively middle-aged man, Harlowe Taylor by name. He is an unique character because he is jailor in charge of the county jail at Pittsboro and has been

on the job for thirty years. He has enjoyed the confidence of successive sheriffs who have seen fit to retain and value his services. Among his special duties are those of deputy sheriff and the locating of stills, moonshine and moonshiners. I saw the gun he carried in his hip-pocket and wondered at the hazardous occupation he was fulfilling. Mr. Taylor has two beautiful daughters who, left motherless, are their father's constant companions and helpers.—*Deaf Mississippian*.

GALLAUDET LITERARY SOCIETY

Anent unjust discrimination against the deaf in the industrial world, we have two instances to mention, which show pure ignorance about the deaf on the part of would-be-employers. The first is that of Helen Beels. Answering an advertisement in person for dressmaker in a well-known establishment, she was told they did not want a deaf girl. Helen is intelligent and plucky and also sure of herself. She said that the advertisement did not specify that a hearing person was wanted but simply an experienced dressmaker and she was that. "Just try me" she urged. She was at length given a trial, although very reluctantly it must be confessed, and in the end her employer was so pleased with her work that she asked her to remain. The foregoing only goes to prove that it remains for the individual deaf person to convince employers that he or she is fit to hold the positions he applies for. In the words of Myles Standish, "If you would have a thing well done you must do it yourselves and not leave it to others." The other instance is that of Thomas Sarver vs. Westinghouse Company. Answering an advertisement for a position for which he was qualified, he was given the job, but when it was discovered that he was deaf, the superintendent said "you won't do. We do not want a deaf man." That's unjust discrimination with a vengeance. The Westinghouse Company has long excluded deaf workers for no reason that we can see. Cases like that require organized effort to be overcome.—*Western Pennsylvanian*.

THOMAS R. CARR AGAIN WINS BIG VERDICT

At New Castle, Pa., on Thursday, October 19, the jury in the case of Thomas R. Carr against the "Harmony Route" traction company for personal injury, returned a verdict of \$18,000 for Mr. Carr. This is \$3,000 in excess of the former verdict which was \$15,000. It had been two years since the first trial, and the company had made a hard and determined fight for a new trial. With a verdict even greater than the former one, it would seem the company had better settle up before another jury can have a

chance to raise it again. The verdict is due entirely to the honesty and straightforwardness of Mr. Carr's testimony which made a deep impression on the jury. Mr. Downing was again the interpreter and he spent a warm three hours standing beside the plaintiff while former Judge Martin cleverly tried to tangle him up. Mr. Carr's answers to all cross questioning were prompt and emphatic, and at no time was there any contradiction in his testimony. Present in the court room during the trial were Mrs. Carr (Mamie Schneider) and their four interesting little children. Mr. Carr's numerous friends hereabouts will rejoice in his signal success. His right leg is permanently stiff and the amount secured will make his lot in life much easier.

Judge Emery, who presided at both of the Carr—"Harmony Route" trials, asked Mr. Downing many questions regarding the education of the deaf. He was much interested and signified his purpose to pay this school a visit some time.—*Western Pennsylvanian*.

A BRILLIANT EXAMPLE

Over a quarter of a century ago a deaf boy entered the *Journal Office* and began to talk orally to the editor. He had recently lost hearing, but his speech was all right. The information he was conveying by word of mouth was that he had been appointed to the class in printing.

After the customary record of age, school grade, etc., had been made, he was given the start on what promised to be a career of typesetting. He was a bright boy, industrious and intelligent beyond the ordinary boys of his age, so his progress was rapid, and a successful course in the "art preservative" was predicted.

However, his schooldays at Fanwood were cut short, and he entered upon a technical preparation for the study of architecture at Barnard College.

This boy's name is Charles W. Fetscher, and he is now chief checker in charge of all the work of Starrett and Van Vleck. No plan leaves the office without his signature, and he is responsible for the big force of draughtsmen which the men employs. Some of the buildings he has been in charge of, are Lincoln School (said to be the finest in the world), the two-and-a-half-million dollar drygoods store of Miller and Rhoads, the E. Malley Dry Goods Store of New Haven, Ct., the new dry goods store of Saks and Co., on Fifth Avenue at 49th and 50th Streets, Glenfield School at Hackensack, N. J., and many other buildings of more or less note.

Mr. Fetscher lives in his own house at Richmond Hill, and often entertains his deaf friends, both at home and in pleasure trips in his automobile. He is a member of the Deaf Artists' Club, and has held office in it for several years.

One of Mr. Fetscher's remarkable achievements is his plan of an inexpensive, safe auto garage, adapted to houses where space is limited.

The *Journal* editor looks upon Charles W. Fetscher as one of his boys who has made good by making way along a path rarely explored by the deaf. We are proud of him and the success he has made in life. May his good luck and good work continue. We offer him as a brilliant example of what brains and persistence can accomplish in over-coming the handicap of deafness.—*Deaf-Mutes' Journal*

UNDER BOLSHEVISM.

The Schools for the Deaf in Moscow, Russia, have appealed to the American Schools for money with which to buy food and clothing for both pupils and teachers.

It is one of the most pitiful appeals we have ever read. It represents that the deaf children in their schools are undernourished and suffering greatly from it, likewise the teachers. Children are too weak to study or do school work. They often faint through weakness. Their old worn out clothing cannot be patched for they have no thread.

It will be remembered that some four or five years ago the Socialists of Russia took charge and tried to convert all of the people in that country into one great family.

The property of all became the property of the State. What was produced was at once given over to the State and distributed to the people.

Individual enterprise and personal desire to get on in the world were lost. Although Russia is a very rich agricultural country, they have not raised enough food for themselves.

The people would rebel against their present government, but it maintains a large army and most of what food and clothing they have goes to the army. To rebel means certain death. So poor Russia appears to be bound hand and foot by her rulers, and they live while the people starve.

Russia has also tried to spread her propaganda for social government over the world. But the claims will go for naught in the face of this appeal by starving children and school teachers. Our school would be glad to make a contribution if we were assured the money would be used for the deaf and the teachers. We do not, however, wish the money to go to feed a tyrannical government or its army.

As soon as we have the assurance that the money can be given direct to these starving people, we shall make our offering. In the meantime, we may all well contemplate the benefits of life in our own country ruled by the people in an orderly and sensible way and where individual enterprise and thrift are encouraged and success applauded.—*The Ohio Chronicle*.

"SOCIALLY INADEQUATE"

The United States Bureau of the Census has endeavored to evolve a new and more satisfactory designation for the "defective, dependent, and delinquent" classes of the population (among which the deaf are grouped). The Bureau has fixed upon the term, "socially inadequate." For our part, we do not like the new term a little bit. In what respect are the deaf "socially inadequate?" In the industrial world the deaf have proven their equality with their

hearing fellows. In another article on this page we quote Henry Ford as saying that his deaf employees "do their work 100%." The educated deaf marry, raise families, acquire property, pay taxes, and perform all other duties as citizens equally well with the hearing. What is "inadequate" in this? Is the deaf man "socially inadequate" simply because he cannot move freely among the hearing and talk with them in their own language? Since when has the mere ability to talk been established as a criterion of social adequacy? Judged by the same standard, an educated foreigner among English speaking people would have to be called "socially inadequate." Yet he might be intellectually and morally the peer of any in the crowd. Likewise, hearing people unfamiliar with the sign-language and manual alphabet, would be "socially inadequate" in a company of deaf people. Social inadequacy frequently depends merely upon circumstances, and is not inherent in the mind or character of the individual. To make a sweeping classification of all the deaf (and we would also include the blind) as "Socially inadequate," casts a stigma that is not merited by actual facts. Many deaf persons have risen to eminence in spite of their handicap. John Kitto, a noted English clergyman and writer, was deaf. Beethoven was deaf, and we are informed that Edison is very deaf. Homer and Milton were blind. Fawcett, former postmaster-general of England, was blind. To call these men "Socially inadequate," when, in spite of their handicap, they outstripped the mass of their fellow-beings, is certainly a misnomer, as it implies an inferiority that they did not possess.

In hitting upon "socially inadequate" as a substitute for "defective, dependent, and delinquent" classes, we cannot think that the Census Bureau has made much of an improvement. Many deaf and blind people might be willing to admit that they are "defective," as lacking something of perfect physical development, but we doubt if they will relish being called "socially inadequate."—*The Companion*.

MUSIC PUBLISHING HOUSE CONDUCTED BY DEAF MEN

CHICAGO, AUG. 19.—Totally deaf since a child, Le Roy Henderson has turned tables on Fate and achieved his ambition to compose music.

Greater than that is his achievement, for today the twenty-nine-year-old man was named the active head of a successful music publishing house employing a staff of writers and composers.

"Handicaps don't always prevent success—they merely make you fight harder." That is the philosophy of life which he gave out today, when it became known that his achievements are considered with wonderment.

Henderson has not heard a sound since he was six years old, when he was injured in a fall from a horse and deprived of his hearing.

His life story in every way bears out his philosophy—a fight against handicaps.

In 1915 Henderson was washing dishes in a hotel kitchen in Silverton, Colorado. Always humming unheard melodies and writing verse in spare moments, he became known as "the dummy," and was regarded as eccentric by his associates.

During the winter of 1915 he met a mining engineer, Carl McIntosh, who was stranded in Silverton by the heavy snows. McIntosh had heard the gibes which the

waitresses passed about about the "dishwasher poet," and asked to see some of the youth's verses.

"It is to this man," Henderson said today, "that I owe everything in the world that I have and am."

"The next thing I heard from him was an order to go to Salt Lake City, where I was placed under private teachers and taught all forms of writing. A publisher in Chicago later sent for me to come here."

Henderson has not heard a sound since he was nine years old.

For three years, Henderson said, he did free lance writing, but with an inner longing to write music itself, not mere words which might be set to music.

"The tunes ran through my head though I could not sing them. Three years ago I started out with a shoe-string and a lot of nerve on what my friends called the world's wildest adventure.

"Now I have a complete staff of composers and writers. I write many of the lyrics myself and direct the composing of their musical settings.

"I cannot sing, but I know just how they sound."

Henderson's business partner in the publishing firm of Gott & Henderson is also deaf.—*Clipping*.

JOHN BURTON HOTCHKISS

To the many friends of the good doctor, especially to those who had studied under him—although numbers of the deaf throughout the land who had never seen him instinctively counted him their friend—the news could have but the same depressing effect. The genial professor whose buoyant, youthful spirit made its indelible impression upon those with whom he came in contact, defying the years of his long term of service—we can hardly think of him as gone. The celebration of his fiftieth year as a member of the faculty of the college, just a year or two ago, reminded us that he had attained an honorable old age, but somewhat we seemed to expect him to continue with us indefinitely.

Thus is removed from the ranks of our profession the last of the "oldguard" who attained the eminence of a chair in the higher institution of learning for the deaf in spite of the handicap of deafness, his colleague, the late Dr. Amos G. Draper, who like Dr. Hotchkiss, was a graduate of the Hartford School, having passed on but a few years before. And with their passing the College has sustained a loss that perhaps none but the alumni who are deaf, as were these noble figures, can appreciate.

The deaf teacher has often been extolled in print and out as a great factor in the education of the deaf. Dr. Hotchkiss was an ideal teacher of the deaf—one who because of his deafness was especially fitted to impart instruction to those bereft of hearing in the subjects most difficult for them—English and literature. He drank deep of the wells of learning himself and was able with his sympathetic touch to lead the deaf student to refresh himself therewith. No learner who ever sat under him fed on husks.

After the Gallaudets Dr. Hotchkiss was probably the greatest authority on the sign language that American deaf have had. His mastery of the subject was evidenced in the exquisite translation of difficult pieces of verse into the poetry of motion that signers were able to render through his instruction. It was through his coaching that the poems written for the Gallaudet Semi-Centennial were so

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impressively rendered in the sign language.

As Alumni Editor of the Buff and Blue Dr. Hotchkiss, like the most kindly paternosters, kept in touch with his widely scattered children. He had them all indexed and none could get out of reach of his facile pen even though the "old grad" might make his habitation in the uttermost part of the earth. There the Alumni Editor would find him out with his flashes of wit and wisdom that always hit the right spot without leaving any soreness.—*Mac Farlane in The Messenger*.

THE FUNERAL OF DR. HOTCHKISS.

Funeral services for our beloved friend and teacher, Dr. John Burton Hotchkiss, were held in the chapel on Monday morning, November 6th. The casket was brought from the Hotchkiss home, No. 2 Faculty Row, at eleven o'clock, to the main entrance of the chapel. Here it was met by the officiating clergyman, the Reverend Oliver J. Whilden, of Baltimore, in his ecclesiastical vestments, and by the honorary pall bearers. President Dr. Percival Hall; Vice-President, Dr. Charles R. Ely, Emeritus Vice-President, Edward Allen Fay, Professors Herbert E. Day, Isaac Allison, Harley D. Drake and Mr. Roy J. Stewart, '99, representing the alumni. The procession moved up the chapel aisle to the main rostrum, where the casket was placed longitudinally, amid a profusion of flowers. An opportunity to take a last glance at the deceased was extended and a procession filed by until the chapel was filled to capacity. At eleven fifteen the relatives arrived and moved up to their places, led by Mrs. John B. Hotchkiss, Jr. The funeral services were from the Protestant Episcopal prayerbook and opened with the impressive lines, "I am the resurrection and the life saith the lord." Reverend Mr. Whilden read the services with simple dignity. President Hall interpreted. The sermon was a heartfelt tribute from one friend to another. Stress was laid upon the high character and nobility of life, together with the steady effusion of love and kindness of the deceased, rather than upon any of his solid attainments. The events of Dr. Hotchkiss's life were given in chronological order.

The sermon was followed by a hymn, "Just As I Am," rendered simultaneously by Doris Ballance, '25, and Emma Sandberg, '25. The beautiful rendition was doubly appropriate because it had evoked a statement of warm praise when originally rendered at the last Sunday School meeting Dr. Hotchkiss supervised. The benediction was pronounced and the casket was borne out followed by the relatives and pall bearers.

Interment in Rock Creek cemetery was private, in response to the request of the family. The profusion of flowers was distributed to the various district hospitals. They came as token of love and sorrow from all over the country, from friends and former pupils. A handsome wreath of white and pink roses was presented by the student body. The alumni likewise presented a large bouquet of roses.

Dr. Hotchkiss was a sincere and helpful friend of all the deaf. He was a living link between the present and the past for the alumni and the students. He represented the highest type of the deaf man both in intellect and character. So he was a real asset to the college.

We shall miss his kindly smile and helpful, inspiring presence. But we rejoice that he has entered into that larger

and fuller life towards which he looked forward with such sustained trust and hope.—*College Correspondent in Journal*.

PADEREWSKI'S ANSWER

It is said that, when Paderewski played before Queen Victoria, she said to him: "Paderewski, you are a genius."

"Ah, your Majesty," he replied, "perhaps. But before I was a genius I was a drudge."

This was not a mere epigram, but the truth, for even after achieving his fame Paderewski still spent hours every day practicing the scales and pains-takingly improving his technique.

Some young people do not agree with Paderewski. They consider a genius a kind of luck, which enables its possessor to do without hard work. They fail for that reason. To them, a great genius is only a marvelous sort of shirker.

But really, the best definition of it is the old one, "an endless capacity for taking pains." The tireless, loving worker wins the secret of power, develops drudgery into mastery, so that it seems careless ease at last, and dazzles the world. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might," is said the way to victory in every way of life.—*The Way*.



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THE ALUMNI of the TEXAS SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF have commissioned us to make a portrait of

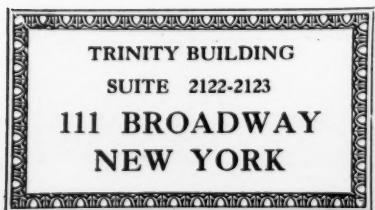
THOMAS HOPKINS GALLAUDET

to be unveiled at the school on December 10th, 1921.

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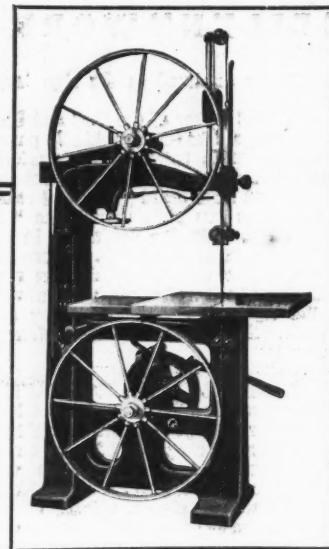
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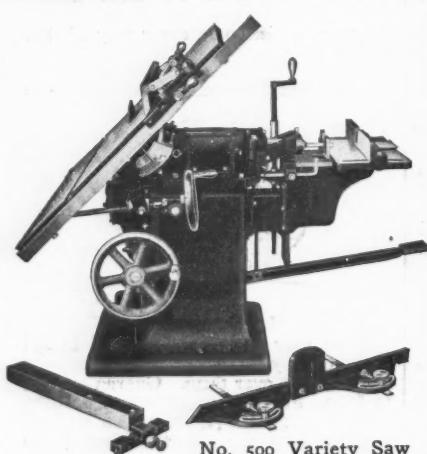
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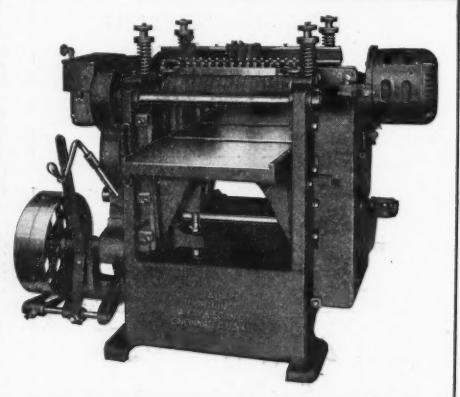


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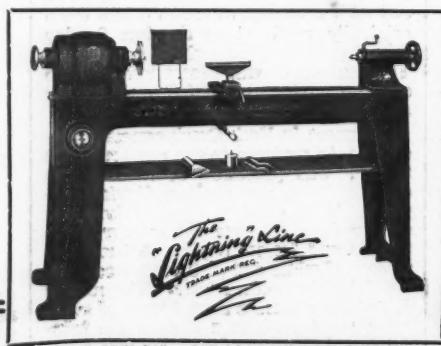
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